

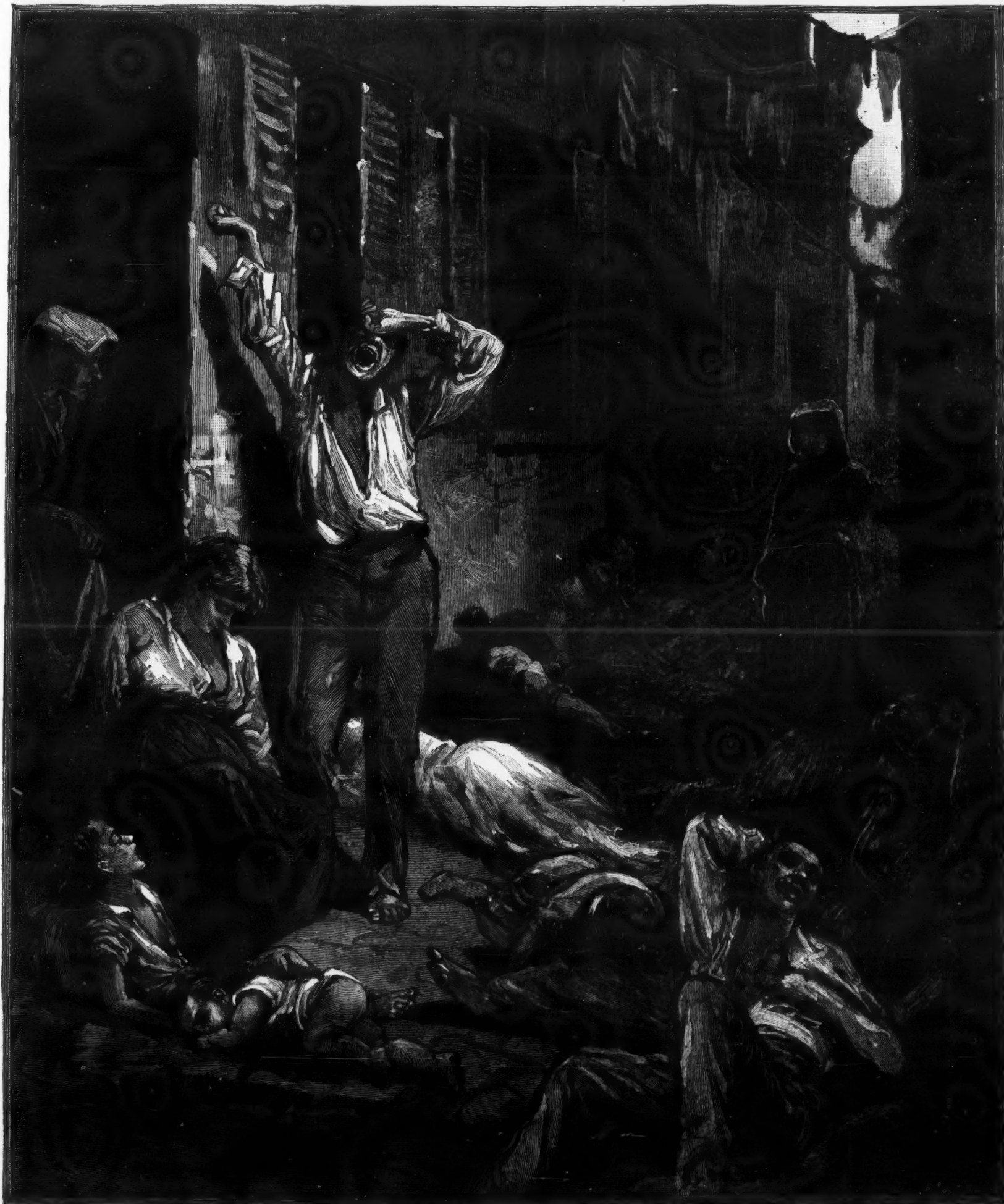
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ITALIAN IMMIGRATION AND ITS EVILS.—A SUMMER-NIGHT SCENE IN AN ALLEY OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER, NEW YORK CITY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 34.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1883.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL.

THERE are those who vehemently declare that elections in this country, national, State and local, occur with such frequency as to be demoralizing, and who, on that account, would extend the Presidential term from four to eight or ten, or even a dozen, years, and the terms of other offices, executive and legislative, in relative proportion. Such persons exaggerate the incidental evils of partisan contests, and imagine that those evils might be avoided in large measure by some plan of infrequent elections.

Now, we are not blind to the evils complained of, but disposed, on the contrary, to give them all the weight that they deserve. We frankly acknowledge that our political contests, as usually conducted, are marked by many odious and even disgusting features. Partisan misrepresentation, degenerating sometimes into downright lying and even forgery; unscrupulous assaults upon private character, and knavish devices to win or suppress voters; constant and reiterated appeals to ignorance, prejudice and passion, and the rant of demagogues hungry for the spoils—these and many other things of a similar character, the existence of which it would be folly to deny, are evils for which every patriot should seek a remedy. They are confined to no party, but taint to a greater or less degree the movements of all political organizations.

But this, after all, is only one side of the question, important, it is true, but not to be dwelt upon as if there were no other. In this, as in so many other cases, men too readily acquire a habit of reasoning against a system merely from its abuses. We venture to affirm, in spite of the evils incidental to its working, that the American system of frequent elections is, upon the whole, of the very highest value, and that without it the Republic could not long be maintained. We must never forget that, in the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln, ours is "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and therefore that it must "perish from the earth" unless it can draw life directly and constantly from them. By what channel shall the life-currents flow from the people into the system of the government if not through frequently recurring elections? And how otherwise can we be sure that the people will have any life to impart? Put the elections asunder by a long term of years, and what guarantee shall we have that the people will maintain their interest in political questions, or that office-holders will not so fortify themselves in power as to change the government to a despotism?

Our elections, it may be said, are the people's political school, by means of which they are compelled to study questions upon the proper settlement of which depends their own and the public welfare. The school is far from perfect, we admit; but it is so good that we cannot afford to give it up until we can find something better. Its faults, moreover, are faults of human nature, the results of ignorance, prejudice and passion—the same, in truth, that are incidental to every form of human activity upon a large scale. When we consider how vast is the multitude of voters in this country, how wide open are, and must be, the doors of political parties, and how men rush in pell-mell, of their own choice, hindered by no test of moral fitness, the wonder is not that parties are not better, but that they are as good as we find them. And any one who knows anything of the history of this Government knows that they are better now, upon the whole, than they ever were before; and we may well hope that they will become better still in time to come. We must not be too hard upon human nature. The offices of this country, from that of President downward, offer mighty temptations to ambitious men, and if men of a low moral tone frequently press their way to the front and play pranks that stir us to indignation, need we wonder?

We venture to affirm that, in spite of all that may awaken the disgust of patriotic men in a Presidential struggle, the political atmosphere is sweeter after it is over than it was before. In all these contests a great body of wholesome truth is addressed to assembled thousands, and caught up and echoed through the land. As a result, public questions are better understood than they were before. The majority of the people always vote intelligently and from patriotic motives. It is good for them that they are compelled to read, hear and think upon the great political questions of the time. There may be vituperation and abuse of candidates, and misrepresentation of issues and of platforms, but there is nothing in the excesses of such a contest to discourage the patriot. Rather, there is much that should rouse him to new efforts to elevate the standard of American political life.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR STEAL.

THE public has come to expect that the River and Harbor Bill will be more or less of the nature of highway robbery, but the Bill which has just passed the Senate seems to be one of the worst of a long line of

shameless measures. The Bill as it passed the House called for \$19,500,000. The Senate Committee raised it to \$21,500,000, and the Senate finally increased the amount to \$22,474,783. Moreover, the Senate included the old Hennepin Canal scheme, and prepared for a still larger job—a ship-canal from Chicago to La Salle—the cost of which cannot be estimated. It was urged that inasmuch as the last River and Harbor Bill failed to become a law, it was allowable to make the present Bill twice as large as usual, and it was said that some foreign countries—France, for example—spend as much on rivers and harbors as we do. It is hardly worth while to characterize these propositions as arguments. Nobody has discovered any general distress in consequence of the failure of last year's Bill, and it is certain that there has been no popular demand for a double appropriation this year. The claim that the increase in the internal commerce of this country is due to improvement in the railways is merely childish. The entire value of all the products of the Mississippi Valley is estimated at less than four billions, and of the proportions of this value received and sent from St. Louis during 1886, less than one-tenth was credited to water carriage. Everybody knows that with the development of railway facilities at low rates, water carriage is diminishing in consequence. Senator Sherman very properly pointed out that the canal jobs marked a dangerous new departure, the undertaking of artificial waterways where no natural ones exist. It was pointed out that Ohio has two canal projects, and there are the Delaware and Chesapeake and Florida Peninsula Canals which will be pushed at Washington by a lobby if the Illinois projects are successful. In short, there will be no end to raids of this sort upon the National Treasury. This is an easy way of spending the surplus, but the people do not pay taxes to furnish money for jobs like those in the River and Harbor Bill.

THE RIGHTS OF REPUTATION.

HUMANITY is, no doubt, a virtue of mature civilizations. It grows out of imagination, and imagination is the finest product of culture. It is the "put-yourself-in-his-place" attitude of mind that conceives and carries out any scheme of succor for the suffering. Only within the last generation would a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have been enabled to exist. Only within this time would Seaside Homes, Fresh-air Funds, and schemes for the benefit of the poor who never tell their poverty, have succeeded.

The world grows tender-hearted, and even high-minded, and now, therefore, it might lend its ears to an appeal for a large and persecuted order of sufferers whose pangs it still ignores. These are the victims of newspaper scandal, man or woman. So long as empty minds and foolish tongues exist, there must be false and idle tales abroad, traveling from house to house and doing their mischievous work. It is cowardly as well as useless, perhaps, to complain. But when these irrepressible rumors are gathered together, and given the dignity of print, the conditions are changed, and it becomes a duty to protest.

For no man is so strong as a newspaper. He may disprove, absolutely, the charge made against him, and hundreds who have read the charge will not see the defense. The shadow will never be lifted from his name. A woman is even more helpless than a man, and quite as often the object of attack.

Perhaps the very cruellest part of the business is that the paragraph-writer has no malice against his victim. It is an instance where the "wretches hang that jury-men may dine." The writer must earn his stipend, and the reader must have his sensation. It is an appetite as coarse as that which led the great Roman nobles, men and women, to the Coliseum. And it is crueler, in as far as the torture of the soul is more than that of the body.

Reputable citizens are accused in the newspapers of all sorts of dishonorable practices, by reason of political differences or private grievances. Women, bent only on the attainment of their own honorable ends, through business or the arts, are misconstrued and maligned. If these cry out in their pain, "My reputation! my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of me!" the airy scribe who has inflicted the blow replies, with Iago, "By my soul, I thought you had received some bodily harm."

In Paris, a publisher may not caricature a citizen's portrait without his consent. How much less should one have the right to distort his moral lineaments! This is a matter for the law to take up. But since the law is a slow and sleepy dragon, not easily roused to protect the premises of which he is in charge, public opinion should be a law to itself. It should enact that no charge be credited because it is made in print; and that no man should suffer social disesteem, and no woman be socially taboo, because their unhappy names had appeared with sensational head-lines in the newspapers. Whatever their offense, the tribunal is far more dangerous to the cause of public morals than the fault.

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

WHEN representatives of the whole country are brought into close contact, as at national conventions, certain exhibitions of sectional prejudices are unavoidable; and yet every fresh

opportunity for comparison testifies to the rapid and general influence of forces which make for unification or amalgamation. When all good New Yorkers went to Saratoga, and people from all quarters congregated at the famous Springs in obedience to the dictates of fashion, the sectional differences were much more sharply defined than now. And the question may be fairly asked whether it is not this very meeting on hotel verandas, this ebb and flow of Summer travel and interchange of homes, which has been the most influential factor in bringing about a better acquaintance between different sections of our country. Newspapers accomplish comparatively little in this direction. Business does much; but the Summer journeying has not received due credit for its effect in rubbing off angles and promoting mutual consideration.

Within fifteen years the Summer has assumed a new importance in our life. The necessity of vacations has been realized. The tendency towards travel has been recognized and encouraged by the multiplication of all manner of facilities and the reduction of the cost. The immense movement to and fro across this continent which takes place every Summer has come to be an important phase of our social life. It is necessary to take into account also the Winter movement to Florida from the North, and to New York and Washington from the South and West, as well as the current that sets towards Southern California in the early Spring. But the Summer interchange of homes is of more consequence than this and the movement to Europe combined. The Southerners come to Northern watering-places and smile over the prejudices of their fathers against "Northern mudsills." The Western men, pining for a breath of salt breezes, come from the prairies to our Atlantic beaches, and find that the young men from the Eastern cities who beat them at rowing, swimming and sailing are anything but typical "dudes," even though they may bestow much care upon their dress. Western merchants establish their families at beaches near New York, do their buying in the Summer, and comfortably mingle business and pleasure. On the other hand, Eastern tourists take advantage of "excursion rates" to flock to California, the Yosemite, the beautiful Puget Sound country, the Yellowstone Park, or Alaska and Mexico. It has become easier to travel than to stay at home, in the opinion of many, and the result is that we find Boston schoolteachers hobnobbing with California grape-growers at their vineyards, Wyoming cattlemen seated beside Philadelphia bankers at Mount Desert, and Louisiana sugar-planters drinking the waters of Saratoga in company with New England doctors of divinity.

All this is beneficial. There have been influences tending to sectionalization caused by local or political or race interests, but with the spread of a better understanding, a common meeting-ground can be found for special interests, at least for their amicable discussion. The claims of sectional interests presented one of the greatest difficulties to the framers of the Constitution, and the effort to keep central or national interests paramount has been renewed at every crisis of our history.

Summer travel is not usually counted among the factors of political progress, and yet it has a serious value. It brings about a free comparison of views, it furnishes a true perspective, and it teaches people to think of others as they would have others think of them. It leads to broad views of our national needs and welfare. If every Congressman would spend his Summer in traveling through the country, there would be less narrow and short-sighted legislation at Washington, and more of a broad American spirit.

FRANCE IN EUROPE.

THE German Emperor's declaration that peace was assured, and that he desired nothing so ardently, preceded by too short an interval Prince Bismarck's frank statement that he felt entirely satisfied with the outlook in every direction but in that of France, where the unexpected might always happen. The French proverb, which the Prince borrowed for the occasion, is, like all proverbs, much nearer to the truth than the use made of it. It is always the unexpected that happens, not in France only, but wherever men are. Englishmen and Germans, who daily give thanks that they are not as these Frenchmen, are entirely at the mercy of the chance that plays with the fate of nations. Types, as they like to believe they are, of self-sufficient virtue, they may at any moment be taking each other by the throat.

Prince Bismarck never talks without a purpose, and the renewal of caresses between Germany and Russia follows immediately on his avowed distrust of France. Why should Germany suddenly throw herself into the arms of Russia? Russia makes no confession of sin, resigns nothing, changes nothing in her policy. She is steadily bent on moving towards the Mediterranean. Austria, backed by Germany, has so far blocked the Russian advance; and now Germany will stand in the way no longer. There is but one explanation of the change. Prince Bismarck has come to the conclusion that France and Russia are an overmatch for the Triple Alliance. The Czar must be made to see that he can have his way in the East without serving the cause of France. The allies of Germany can be appeased by compensation taken from the possessions of the Sick Man; and France will be left alone and bound over to keep the peace.

There could be no more direct or emphatic testimony to the thorough reconstitution of the French military strength. Germany feels no great confidence in her ability to sustain a single-handed struggle with France. This is the moral of the Emperor's St. Petersburg visit. France, apparently isolated, has all the chances in her favor, for she can wait, and the jealousies of the other Powers will bring to her side, when the hour strikes, the active alliances that never fall the strong in arms.

WHAT SHALL OUR GIRLS LEARN?

THE other day more than one thousand young women successfully passed the examinations admitting them to the Normal College. Two years hence a thousand young women, fitted more or less well to be public-school teachers, will be turned out into the world to enter on a struggle for a teacher's position, which is only the preliminary step, except in a few rare instances, to a long struggle for existence at the most exhausting kind of labor at an insufficient salary.

For, after making all allowance for the rapid growth of our population, and the consequent rapid increase in the number of our public schools, it is impossible that all the young women who are yearly turned out of our teacher-making establishments should find employment as teachers. Those best fitted, or commanding most influence, will secure positions. The others must go to swell the vast army of struggling, underpaid needlewomen, or take positions in shops or factories, where their superior education will be rather a disadvantage than otherwise.

And all this while there is one calling which is never sufficiently followed, one career always open and clamorously demanding recruits—one means of livelihood which has ample rewards for experts, and which only needs to be adopted by women clothed in the

dignity of complete preparation and thorough fitness, to become one of the most honorable, as it is one of the most appropriate, of womanly callings.

It goes without saying that this calling is domestic service. By the last census there were 938,910 female servants in the United States. There ought to be three times as many, and even at the present rate of wages, exorbitant for the quality of service rendered, three times as many could easily find places. There are not servants enough—there are, above all, not enough servants of a superior grade kept in American families. Many a lady is her own housekeeper whose time is too valuable to be spent in the details of housekeeping, simply because she can find no suitable woman competent to take such a position. Many a family who can well afford the best submits to inferior cooking because good cooks are impossible to find. If by any means this industry could be rehabilitated, and placed in its right order in the social scale, two million of the more intelligent young workingwomen of our country could be withdrawn from the ranks of the overworked and underpaid, and the condition of the whole class would be correspondingly improved. If—ay, there's the rub—if poor girls now in our public schools looking forward to a teacher's calling could be made to understand that there are grades and grades in the domestic service, and that in the upper ranks of service a woman not only commands better wages, but has higher privileges than a public-school teacher, and that it needs only that a sufficient number of educated young women should enter upon this calling to force upon society a recognition of its importance and dignity, the condition of all workingwomen would be changed at once. A really competent housekeeper commands a salary of from twenty to forty dollars a month, with a comfortable home and ample leisure. A "first-class" cook (who is by no means all that the epithet implies) easily obtains equally good wages, while a thoroughly competent culinary artist may set her own prices. The wages of really good waitresses, chambermaids and children's nurses are proportionately high; and whatever may have been true in the past, there are thousands of mistresses in America who have the sense and the justice to recognize the value of a superior servant, and to accord her all due consideration.

Now, it cannot for a moment be questioned that fully one-half the young girls in our public schools would be more comfortable, not to say more useful, if thoroughly trained to expert fitness in one or more of these domestic arts, than they are likely to be as teachers. They come from uncultured families; their best friends, their most natural associates, are among people of little or no education. Laudable as is the desire to rise in life, it entails many painful necessities. The path of a young woman whose education raises her far above the level of those dearest and nearest to her is a thorny path indeed. Superior gifts may call her to enter upon it, thorny though it be; but in the absence of superior gifts she is much happier in not rising far above the intellectual level of those to whom she must always be closely bound.

But a thorough, even an artistic, degree of qualification for domestic employments entails no painful contrasts between a girl's own life and that of her best friends; nor will it long entail the degree of social outlawry which now attaches to it. It is sufficient to look at the social position of the trained nurses of the present day and compare it with that of the Mrs. Gamps of a former time, to prove to any doubtful mind that all that is needed is for young women of good position and fair intelligence to enter upon a course of training which shall make them experts in domestic arts—to put domestic service upon a footing as honorable and as dignified as that of expert nursing now is. It rests largely in the hands of our public-school teachers whether this shall come to pass. They have unbounded influence over their pupils; in most cases they have the confidence and the love of the girls under their care. A word from them, at the turning-point in the young girls' lives when they must decide upon their future, might suffice to send hundreds into industrial schools who now think nothing possible but the Normal College.

ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

It will soon become a subject for serious consideration whether immigrants of any kind are to be regarded as desirable acquisitions to the population of this country. We see the evils of over-population in the countries of the Old World, and though it may seem a premature anticipation, the time is not so far distant when our natural increase of population, without any foreign accessions, will leave but little of the public domain, that is desirable, unoccupied. It is a fallacy to suppose that a nation's power and wealth are to be measured by the extent of its population, which is not rarely an element of weakness, instead of strength.

Of the 40,000 Italian immigrants who have landed at Castle Garden since the 1st of January last, probably not one out of ten was a desirable addition to the population of the country. Without a knowledge of the English language, without skill in any craft or calling, or special adaptability for anything in particular, their condition since arriving here has been truly deplorable. Unable to leave the city, and not knowing where to go were they able, or to secure any employment suited to their capacity, they have congregated in congested, fetid masses in Mulberry Street, and other sections inhabited by Italians, and now their neighborhood has become a menace to the health of the city.

So sad is the condition of these Italian poor in New York, and so urgent their need, that the Government of Italy has been constrained to contribute a sum of money to relieve their immediate necessities. That Government is also about to take action to prevent the population of Calabria, and other sections of Southern Italy, from being dumped ashore like offal on the soil of the United States. Under the patronage of Baron Saverio Fava, Italian Minister to the United States, the Italian Society of Emigration is soliciting aid for the relief of their misguided and unfortunate countrymen. Such aid should of course be granted; but Congress should remove all occasion for a second appeal to the public, as a result of enforced emigration, by enacting laws which will stop for all time the wholesale importation of the most degraded population of Europe.

While it must be admitted that the Italian immigrant is usually industrious, he seems too often wanting in that feeling of self-respect and personal independence which is desirable in a free, governing people. We cannot become enthusiastic in contemplating a manhood that would prefer driving a shoebrush to a plane, or turning the crank of a hand-organ to digging a ditch or paving a street. Sunny Italy, with its historic, æsthetic and art associations, is something to awaken enthusiasm at all times; but it must be confessed that, when contemplated through the medium of Mulberry Street, its outlines are hazy and its atmosphere malodorous.

There are indications that the Republicans in the House of Representatives have concluded to abandon their obstruction tactics in reference to the Mills Bill, and that the measure will be permitted to come to a vote at an early day. It is now believed that, as the result of Administration pressure, the Bill will pass; and since the

issue has been squarely made up, this result is, in a political sense, rather desirable than otherwise. The contest is, after all, to be decided at the polls in November, and it is important that the position of the two parties should be squarely defined by the votes of their representatives, to the end that the people may vote intelligently. It is probable that the majority in the Senate will antagonize the Mills Bill by another, embodying the exact sentiments of its opponents, and thus the country will have all the facts necessary to a wise choice as between the contending parties.

ANOTHER epidemic of bank embezzlements has broken out, and in Jersey City, Georgia, and elsewhere, bank directors are mourning over emptied safes. The Providence defaulter is likely to be punished for his sins, although in too many cases the return of the money seems to be considered the chief thing. The only way of preventing embezzlements is to pay fair salaries, exercise strict supervision, and refuse to compromise with any defaulter. It is impossible to prevent defalcations in all cases, but if the full penalty of the law be exacted, the effect will encourage honesty in financial institutions.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the tariff issue will be the controlling factor of the coming political canvass. The committal of the Democracy to the doctrines of the Mills Bill has led to the abandonment of that party by many prominent and influential leaders in the manufacturing States, while, on the other hand, not a few Republicans, like Mr. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, who are inclined to free trade, have declared their purpose to support Mr. Cleveland's re-election. In these changes of party relations the Republicans probably have the advantage, since their recruits include many workingmen, of whose elimination from the Democrats no newspaper mention is made.

There are a good many funny things in politics. Here are the Democrats, for instance, denouncing the Republicans as the "free whisky" party, whereas everybody knows that the accusers are themselves, at all times and everywhere, the allies and defenders of the whisky interest! Then we have the Republicans professing to be the peculiar friends of sound morals, and talking volubly about the unclean life of President Cleveland, while putting forward "Bob" Ingersoll as a conspicuous exponent of the party doctrine, and applauding his periods as morsels of the highest wisdom. Then we have the saintly Mugwump, who wouldn't vote for Blaine because of the Mulligan business, preparing to swallow Cleveland a second time, notwithstanding that, in point of personal life, General Harrison is altogether the worthier man. But, of course, inconsistencies count for nothing in politics; if they did, the average politician would be the biggest capitalist of his age.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS uttered some important truths in a dignified and impressive way in his oration at Gettysburg last week. He referred especially to the importance of preserving the purity and the integrity of the suffrage, and the danger of acquiescing in attempts in whatever party to suppress it. "The suffrage," he said, "is the mainspring, the heart of our common life, and whatever affects it injuriously touches the national sensorium and the whole country thrills. . . . In a national union of States, where fair elections are assumed, systematic fraud or violence or suppression of votes, in the event of a closely contested poll, would inevitably destroy the conviction that the apparent result represented the actual will of the legal voters, and that result would be challenged amid violent disorder. It is not enough that a national election be fair—it must be the national conviction that it is fair." These are timely words, and there is no fitter place for their utterance than the battlefield in which the dominance of law on this continent, and the unity of these States, were decisively assured.

THE average man likes fair play, honesty and manliness in politics. A good illustration of this fact is furnished in the universal acclaim bestowed on Representative McKinley, of Ohio, because of his straightforward course in repelling all tenders of support as a Presidential candidate in the Chicago Convention. Mr. McKinley went to that Convention as a friend of Senator Sherman. A good many delegates regarded him as an available "dark horse," and some persisted in voting to nominate him. Thereupon he rose in his place and declared that he could not as an honorable man accept any compliment so bestowed; that he represented a Sherman constituency, and that he proposed, loyally and to the end, to obey the sentiment of his State. His statement was so earnest and so obviously sincere, that, while it deepened the respect in which he was held, it put him finally out of the race. But he is more highly honored to-day than he would have been had he won the nomination. When he returned to his place in the House, Democrats and Republicans alike united in a demonstration of welcome. The New York Sun says: "As soon as the Democrats caught sight of him they set up a mighty clapping. The Republicans took it in at once, and began clapping and cheering. Major McKinley, turning very red, made a dive for his seat and ducked his head down among his papers. Several members from both sides came up and shook hands with him. He seemed surprised that anybody should applaud him for merely doing his duty."

THE new classification of the Civil Service which the President has promulgated carries the principles of Civil-service Reform within the executive departments at Washington to the furthest limits. All the employés of the Federal and District Governments except unskilled laborers are now to be appointed after competitive examinations and probation, unless the offices are specified as excepted. The number of these exceptions is now very small. This will do away with a remissness in applying the rules which has become common at Washington. Heads of departments have allowed it to be understood that places worth over \$2,000 and those worth under \$900 were regarded as outside the rules, and thus a custom has been established in many of the bureaus and offices, notably the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. A like change is to be made in the rules as to the Customs Service and the Postal Service outside of Washington. The result of these changes should be to prevent evasion of the rules, to restrict the area of possible patronage, and to separate the Civil Service more distinctly from partisan politics. This is certainly an important gain, and the President deserves credit for aiding the extension of reform rules, even though he has sometimes failed to live up to them. If employés in the great departments at Washington can be chosen as they would be chosen in private business houses, for competency alone, and if they can have an equally secure tenure of office, the business of the Government will be conducted on sound common-sense principles.

TWO YEARS ago the boycott was a spell to conjure by, but the application of a little pluck and common-sense and law has resolved it into a very unsubstantial danger. Mr. Theodore Thomas has put the last touches to the exposure of the flimsy

pretensions of boycotters in his recent victory over the Musical Protective Union. The case is a curious one. In 1885, Mr. Thomas imported from Europe a new oboe-player, there being at that time no competent performer upon the instrument in this country. Mr. Thomas being a member of the union, was aware of two by-laws, one forbidding members from playing with non-union members under penalty of fine and subsequent expulsion, the other forbidding the admission of any one to membership until he had lived in this country six months. When the new player appeared, the union warned the other members of the orchestra, then fined them, and then was about to expel them, when Mr. Thomas obtained an injunction forbidding the union to either fine or expel him. This was sustained by Judge Potter, and his decision has now been confirmed by the General Term, on the grounds that the attempt to interfere with Mr. Thomas's business constitutes a conspiracy as defined by the Penal Code. This decision is likely to have an important influence in putting an end to the un-American and wholly indefensible practice of boycotting. Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated upon the success of his plucky fight, which was really for a principle, inasmuch as the music-loving public of this country would hardly brook a boycott which deprived them of the services of the leading American conductor. If the Musical Union had attempted to enforce their plan, the boycott might have turned out to be a very ugly boomerang.

AMONG the many important public measures likely to suffer from inattention at the hands of the present Congress, is the Naval Reserve Bill, for which Congressman Whitthorne has been the immediate sponsor. The House Naval Committee reported in favor of the Bill, but it is feared that the Tariff and Appropriation Bills will take all the time of Congress until adjournment. The detailed information furnished in regard to the Naval Reserve Bill shows that it contemplates the enrollment of officers, seamen, engineers, quartermasters and others now employed in merchant or other nautical service. An enrollment is also contemplated of the men in the Life-saving, Revenue, Lighthouse and Signal Service. They are to qualify before a Naval Board and to be voluntarily enrolled for five years. The annual cost—that is, in time of peace—is estimated at \$200,000. This plan, as we have noted before, has been indorsed by Admiral Porter and other naval authorities, and by many citizens who are largely interested in maritime commerce. Moreover, the plan has been thoroughly tried by most of the European Powers. The report of the committee furnishes an interesting description of the results in various foreign countries, and the conclusions are altogether favorable. The moral effect is good in developing an *esprit du corps* and strengthening patriotic feeling among the men, and the training attains its end, the development of disciplined and reliable seamen. This is done, moreover, at a comparatively small expense, and there seems no reason to fear that in our own case unlimited expenditure would be involved. On the whole, this appears to be a singularly economical and practical way of utilizing existing material for the formation of a naval reserve force which would be ready at hand in case of need.

THE Gettysburg reunions last week, marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the historic battle that checked the invasion of the North and turned the tide of Confederate success in the war, were not less grand and impressive than the occasion called for. The Army of the Potomac was magnificently represented around the reconciliation camp-fire, and so was the Army of Northern Virginia—the latter, perhaps, less in the number of veterans sent than in the quality of its representatives. General Longstreet, Lee's trusted lieutenant, came to look upon the green valley and wooded ridges for the first time since he had planted his batteries and drawn up his lines of gray there. He made a brave speech, with a touching allusion to the gallant Pickett, whose great charge he had looked upon before it was made—as the world subsequently saw it to be—as a sublime mistake. He also confirmed, in a frank private conversation on the field, the oft-expressed opinion that a counter-charge by General Meade, after the repulse of Pickett, would probably have destroyed Lee's army and put an end to the war then and there. It is no new thing thus to discover the undeveloped possibilities of a battle after it has been lost and won; but it is unique in the annals of strife to behold the men who fought the battle returning to walk arm-in-arm over its scenes, and bearing witness to each other's valor and chivalry. Over two hundred memorial monuments have been erected to mark the positions of those commanders of the Union army that were most conspicuous in the battle. These incidentally, of course, furnish indications as to the movements of the other side; but eventually the Southerners will put up some monuments of their own. Gettysburg has seen the more important of at least a score of reunions of Blue and Gray within a few years past; and its glorious field, dotted with memorials of the strife, cannot fail to be henceforth for ever one of the foremost of America's patriotic shrines.

ANOTHER OF HORACE GREELEY'S CURIOUS LETTERS.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

In your issue of June 16th you copy, with comments, Horace Greeley's letter to Lincoln after Bull Run. Is it any more "remarkable" than the copy of one of Greeley's to Major Plimly, written about three years afterwards, with the comment of Lincoln, which I send?

"NEW YORK, July 27th, 1864.

"DEAR R—: God pity me for having to lie and curse myself to save my ruined country. I know that Scott is an old humbug, and worn out at that, and that his heart is not in this fight. I know that he sent an 'Ass' to command at Manassas, who threw away the battle, and ruined us all. I know that both Scott and McDowell ought to be shot for the mismanagement of that business and the awful consequences; and yet, I must curse myself, seal my lips, and try to get on in the ways of crookedness, for the people will have it so. I am broken-hearted. Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

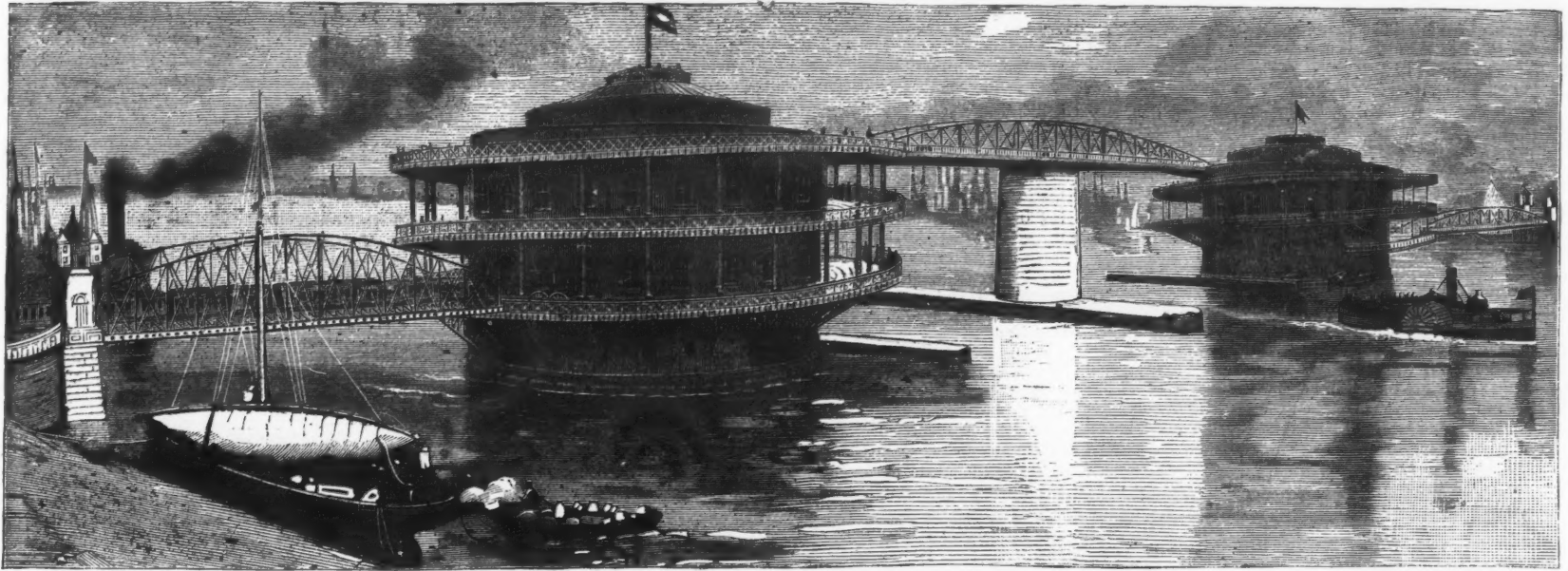
When this letter was handed to and read by President Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln did not deem Greeley insane. He remarked, after a few minutes' thought, "Horace Greeley is a great man, and a true patriot—sometimes he is a little impatient. He never hoped much from McClellan, but he came to me in person and urged upon me the appointment of Grant. General Grant will never throw away any battles. We've got the right man, I think."

I have taken the liberty of sending these specimens of what I consider historic matter. Mr. John Hay does not possess the only singular letter of Greeley; but, in fact, there are down here in Texas no less than thirty-five letters, equally as characteristic of their remarkable author, lying hid in the "poetry-drunk" of one who, in his way, labored and helped to make for Grant, Sheridan and a host of others the path for the opportunities of their honored lives.

Very truly, yours, J. E. GARLAND, Galveston, Texas.

We understand that a volume containing these and other historic letters, with short essays and poems by Major Plimly, will shortly be issued from the press.

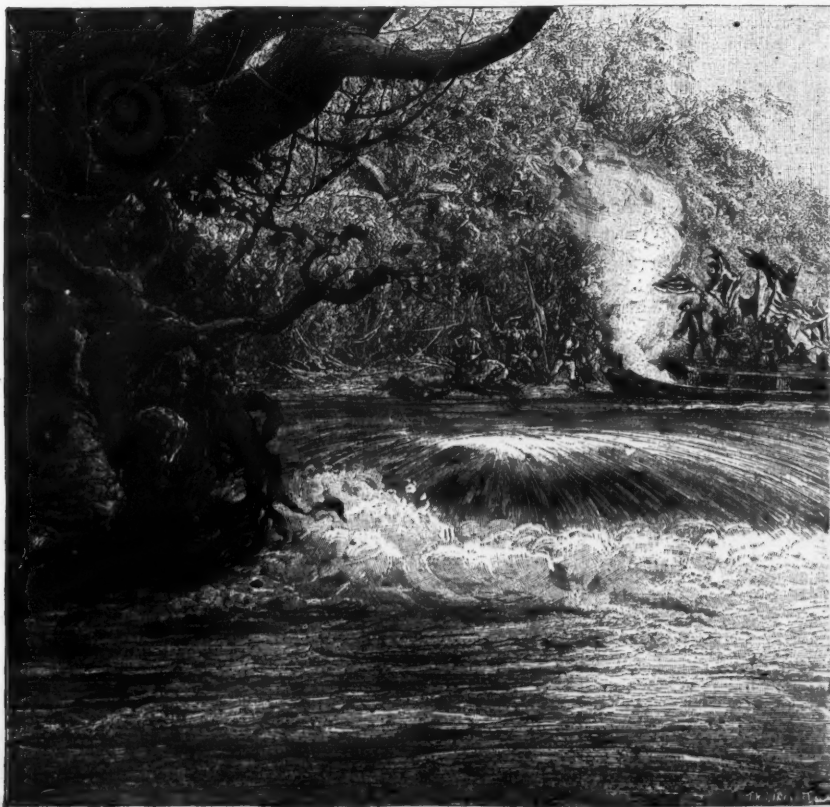
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 347.



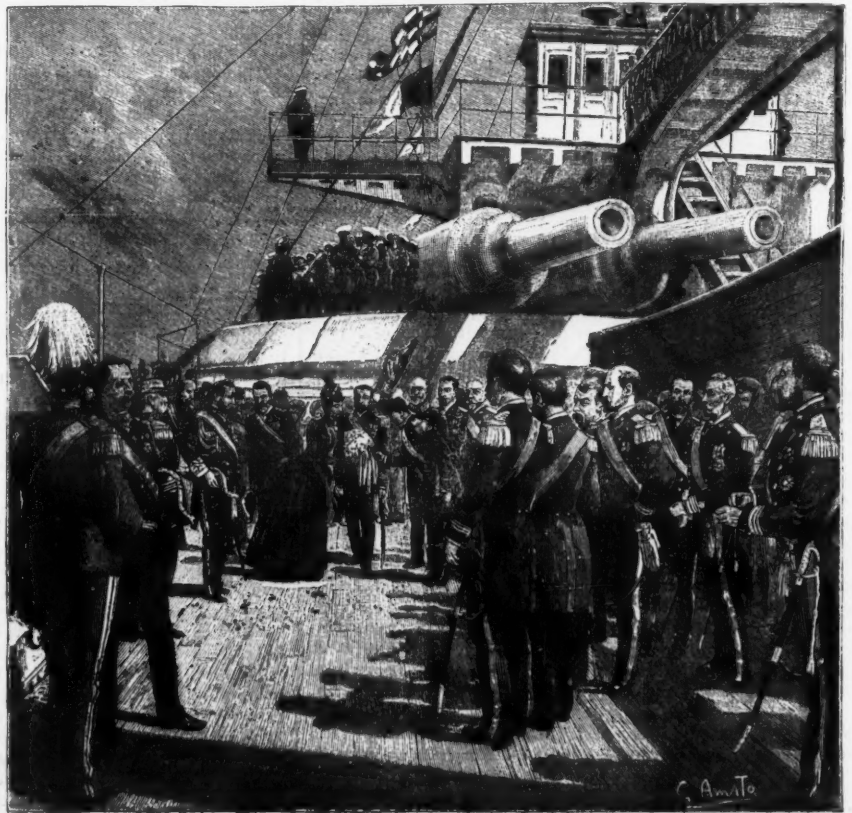
HOLLAND.—PROJECTED DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE NORTH SEA SHIP-CANAL, AT AMSTERDAM.



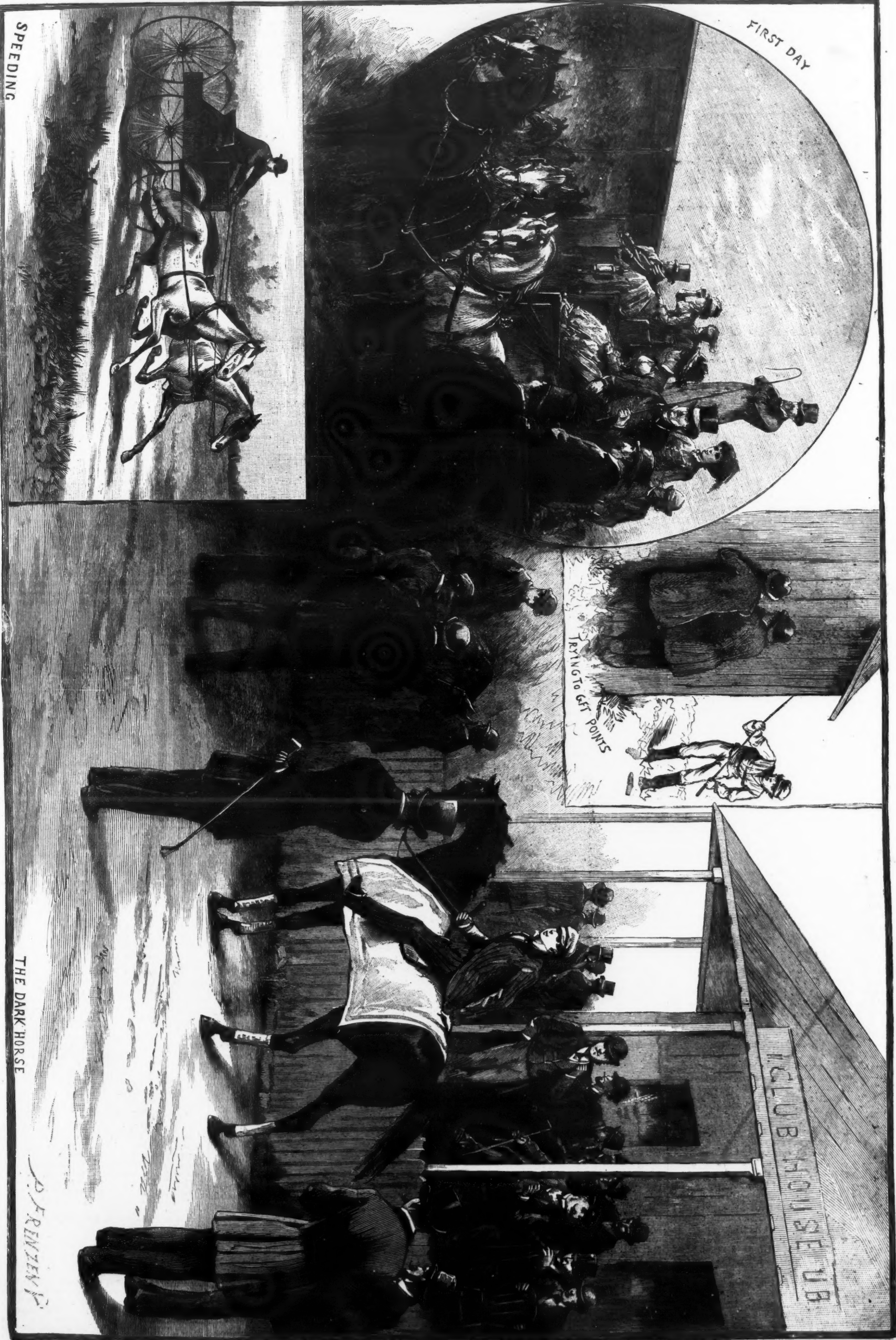
GERMANY.—THE LATE EMPEROR LYING IN STATE AT FRIEDRICHSKRON—PRIVATE RELIGIOUS SERVICE BEFORE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, SATURDAY, JUNE 16TH.



TONQUIN-CHINA.—ATTACK OF NATIVE BRIGANDES UPON FRENCH EXPLORERS, ON THE RED RIVER.



SPAIN.—VISIT OF THE QUEEN REGENT TO THE WAR-SHIP "ITALIA," AT BARCELONA.



THE RACING SEASON.—FAMILIAR SCENES AT A TROTTERING PARK.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 347.

PURITY.

LIKE a shy, startled thing she stood
In the wild tangle of the wood;
Her violet eyes in sweet surprise
Seemed some fair shadowing of the skies;
In her white hands some bluebells spent
Their dying breath in soft content;
Her parted lips their white pearls showing,
Her cheeks like rose-hues paling glowing,
And all her child-like innocence
Guide, guard, protector and defense.

What startled her? A heavy tread
Through the dim aisles, arched overhead
By sun-flecked leaves and vibrant boughs,
And what of heaven such shade allows,
All day sweet sounds had been a stir—
The soft, far-reaching orchestra
Of birds, bees, whispering winds—and over
The nearer fields of grass and clover
Came tinkling cow-bells sifting through,
As violets tint the dusk and dew.

A tramp comes on! the pine-leaves sweet
Shudder beneath his naked feet;
He stops, wild, hungry, outlawed, fierce;
His haggard eyes the girl's eyes pierce;
But something in their tender light
Checks his half-savage mood, despite
The lawless, desperate soul within,
That seldom stops at soil or sin;
He moves aside—she passes by,
Saved by the power of purity.

MARY A. DENISON.

OLD BRUX.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

THE Battle of the Flowers, the first act in the
Carnival drama at Nice, was at its height.
Not entirely a bloodless battle, as Harry
Prescott's nose testified, hit by the stem-end of a
bunch of box and bedraggled gilly-flower.

Saucy, audacious Lady Carriston held her hand-
kerchief to one eye, but the other was wickedly
unabashed as usual, and she seemed in a fair way
to avenge her injuries by the vigor with which she
sent volleys of stocks, hyacinth and narcissus *pé-
nèle* into the passing carriages, the crowd, the
tribune, and even into the respectable midst of
the municipal jury.

In the crowded tribune, lavishly decorated with
red calico, garlands, and flags of all nations, a
thin young man, with a grand profile, sat with
a half-emptied basket of pale Parma violets on his
knees. In the long procession of gayly adorned
carriages, he had eyes for one only, a dainty little
Victoria transformed into a fragrant bower of
mimosas and mauve hyacinths. It enshrined an
elderly lady and an exceedingly pretty girl in
white cashmere and pale gray fur, the latter toss-
ing her bouquets, and avoiding the strokes of
those thrown *en revanche*, with charming grace
and vivacity. Although her aim was no surer than
that of most of her sex, many of her pansies found
their way into the garrison of the young man with
the lamed nose, perceiving which, he, with ecstatic
delight, squandered more than one gold piece
upon roses and violets with which he raked the
Victoria fore and aft.

As a farewell burst of music, and a cold wind
creeping up from the sea, announced that the
revel was over, Mr. Sydney Neal, of the statuesque
features, was in a state of mind to feel no as-
tonishment had a rosy cloud descended to whisk
his goddess away to her native Elysian Fields.
As she seemed about to take her departure from
the promenade like ordinary mortals, Mr. Neal
collared a *gamin* picking up bouquets from under
the horses' heels, and bade him follow the Victoria
out of the throng, and report the hotel at which it
set down its precious freight.

"Avenue Victor Hugo, No. 53," announced the
young waif, half an hour later, his eyes big as
saucers at the unusual sight of a five-franc piece
in his grimy palm.

The Misses Bynner, plain, elderly, and eminently
prudent in deportment and style of dress, cud-
geled their well-balanced brains for the next
three days to understand why a well-dressed, dis-
guised-looking young gentleman found the con-
templation of their garden and front windows so
particularly engrossing. Alas! for the careles-
sness of street Arabs the world over—this young
valet of Mr. Neal's selection had followed home
the wrong carriage; a discovery which plunged
that gentleman into the deepest despair. Doubt-
less, while he was making a fool of himself staring
the Bynner establishment out of countenance, his
divinity had spread her wings and vanished to
parts unknown. In vain he searched for her on
the Promenade, at the Casino, at Monte Carlo, and
all the rallying-places of fashionable idleness. Try
as he might to forget them, the girl's lovely brown
eyes haunted him with their half-mocking, half-
caressing winsomeness. Waking or sleeping, he saw
only her graceful, slender figure in its soft, white
dress, enthroned in fragrant masses of flowers.
Find her again he must, and break the spell she
had cast about him, or become her willing bond-
slave for life, if she so wished. And yet how could
he hope to find her, not even knowing her name?
The thought was maddening.

"Aunt Helen, let us do the Corniche Road to-
morrow if it is fine," said Miss Margery Moore,
the object of Mr. Neal's intemperate admiration.

"Oh, Margery dear, not during Carnival week!
You have no idea of what prices these rascally
coachmen ask now, and such tricks they play
upon us poor foreigners. Carnival time excuses
everything, you know. Why, Lady Bellaby told
me her donkey-man made her pay double fare
for going up Monte Fabbro, and then winked at
the donkey and made him lie down till she pro-
mised to pay three francs *pourboire* to have him
encouraged to get up. Everybody says it is very
imprudent to go anywhere till next week."

"People always have a great deal too much to
say about affairs not their own, and Lady Bellaby
is always floundering among breakers where other

people find only smooth sailing," replied Miss
Moore, with decision. "Procrastination is such a
mistake; we have put off this trip dozens of times,
and I mean to go to-morrow or never."

"Very well; if you insist we will go, but I think
it very imprudent for two ladies alone to take such
a trip during the one lawless week of the year."

"Nobody is so safe as the unprotected female
abroad, my dear aunt; the whole world feels itself
in duty bound to take care of her. Trust to me
and you will come to no harm."

Mr. Sydney Neal, feeling that a canter over the
hills in the delicious February sunshine might
calm his troubled spirits, betook himself to the
remise of Aristide Jolicœur & Son to engage a
horse. At the door of this establishment, patron-
ized by the *élite* of Nice, Mr. Neal became aware of
a furious palpitation of his heart and a sudden
weakness at his knees. Issuing forth from the
aesthetically furnished *salle-d'attente* he beheld the
vision of his dreams, his goddess Flora, with a great
bunch of carnations in one hand and a *Directoire*
parasol in the other. She gave Mr. Neal a swift,
comprehensive glance which seemed to the credu-
lous young man to speak volumes: she remem-
bered him, and was glad that fate brought them
together again, if only for a brief moment.

"Remember, ten o'clock promptly, to-morrow
morning, Monsieur Jolicœur," said the young
lady, as she stepped out into the bright sun-
shine.

"Without fail, madame; you may always trust
the promises of Aristide Jolicœur, your humble
servant," replied the horsey Adonis, with his hand
on his stomach and a ravishing smile tilting up the
ends of his waxed mustache. "Ah! these Ameri-
can ladies; they are indeed angels of loveliness,"
the *remise* proprietor continued, as Miss Moore
and her companion disappeared through the mass-
ive stone gateway. "Such grace, such *esprit*, and
so well bred! None of the petty bickering over a
fair price that people of other nations permit
themselves."

This eulogy was uttered for Mr. Neal's benefit,
whom the master of the *remise* regarded with be-
nignant suavity, knowing that he had egregiously
cheated two of the handsome young stranger's
countrywomen, and scenting further prey in this
third representative of the rich republic.

"These ladies, Madame Lee and her charming
niece, are going to drive to Mentone to-morrow,
over the Corniche Road. I hope they will have a
fine day. Paolo shall take them over by the lower
road, and return by the Col du Tigre. There is
still snow up there; but to-morrow's sun will melt
it, and it will be safe enough for the return trip."

"You are a garrulous, specious old rascal," Mr.
Neal concluded, mentally; "but I'm immensely
obliged to you for your information." Then, after
agreeing to an extortionate price for his horse the
following day, he took his departure in the wake
of the fair bearer of the carnations.

The next morning, at ten o'clock sharp, a roomy
barouche drawn by a well-conditioned pair of
white horses drew up before the Hôtel des Palm-
iers. A dignified-looking old coachman occu-
pied the box, with a ten-year-old boy humbly
ensconced among the horse-blankets at his feet.

Mrs. Lee and Miss Moore made themselves
thoroughly comfortable in this vehicle, and set
off upon their drive over the magnificent highway,
for the building of which the world owes a lasting
debt of gratitude to the Corsican hero.

"Now, you dear, croaking old thing, confess that
you are glad I persuaded you to come to-day," said
pretty Margery, patting her aunt's plump, white
hand coaxingly.

"One should not sing before one has fairly
entered the woods," replied the elder lady, orac-
ularly.

"You are really incorrigible, aunt. What more
could you desire? We have good, gentle-looking
horses with sound legs; a patriarchal coachman
with sobriety and honesty graven on his se-
rene brow; and the weather—could anything be
more perfect? Look at that gentian-blue sky, and
the violet and pale-green shades in the sea; and
the grim, gray ribs of the rocks, and the snow on
those mountains beyond, and—oh, everything!"

The girl's eyes and cheeks glowed with this
purest, most healthful of pleasures—the enjoy-
ment of an exquisite, varying landscape seen for
the first time. The angry, volcanic crags peering
over into the placid, deep-blue sea; the silvery
pallor of the olives contrasting with the dark, pol-
ished green of the fig-trees; the daring sweeps of
the road leading along the stony spine of the
mountains. Quaint little villages clinging like a
collection of wasps' nests to the rocks; vehicles of
all sorts, picturesque and elegant, passing to and
fro. Here, a tiny, tinkling donkey laden with
green and yellow crockery jars; there, the four-
horse break whisking its load of curious strangers
over to taste the fascinations of Monte Carlo.

At the first descent of any importance Jeannot,
the little boy, jumped down from the box and ap-
plied a primitive but effective drag to the wheels—
a pair of old shoes tied to stout ropes.

"I believed that young person was brought
along solely for ornament; I see now that I was
mistaken," said Margery, with a gay laugh at the
shockingly bad old shoes. It was so easy to laugh
this brilliant, invigorating morning.

After luncheon at Mentone, in a pretty garden
close to the sea, they began the homeward journey
over the highest part of the road so appropriately
named, clinging to the serrated rock as a cornice
follows the irregularities of a dentated roof. Al-
ways higher, past the village of Rocca Bruna, said
to have shipped down *en masse* from a plateau
above to its present position. Past Esa, with its
melancholy cluster of deserted cottages. Here
and there the ruins of a fortress perched proudly
aloft as an eagle's nest. At La Turbie, the tower
built ages ago for the worship of Jupiter, Jeannot
clambered down again, and, pulling off his cap,
loosening at the same time a crop of glossy, dark

curls, bade the ladies good-night. Here, a branch
road led away from the sea, over the Col du Tigre,
with a view over a white world of snowy mount-
ains. Though carefully mended and kept, after
the manner of all French roads, this branch was
rarely used except for return carriages to Nice,
the slope being a long, steep pull for upward-
bound horses.

The dusk and quiet of evening became very
impressive among these silent heights, and Mar-
gery drew closer to her aunt in vague distrust of
the deepening shadows. Patches of half-melted
snow began to appear on each side of the way; not
a living creature was in sight, or sound audible,
save for the occasional whirr of a bird's wings.

Alas! for Mr. Neal's plan for a canter over to
Mentone as discreet outrider to the object of his
silent devotion, Miss Margery Moore. The horse
promised him for the occasion was brought home
lame, and owing to the press of the Carnival sea-
son, another animal such as Mr. Neal required was
not forthcoming.

"A power o' worrit with hosses and men just
now," said the English hostler at the Jolicœur
stables, in reply to Mr. Neal's strong language
when he found his plan defeated. "I would not be
surprised if the *padrone* sent out old Brix with a
fare, after all."

"Who the deuce is old Brix?"

"The best driver in the whole Maritime Alps
region, but he is getting pretty old now. He has
driven over the road between Nice and Mentone
for a matter of forty years or more, and knows
every inch of the way as well as he knows the in-
side of his snuff-box. He is still safe as a church,
but there is a kind of prejudice against him be-
cause since the past five years he has been stone
blind."

"Rather a drawback in a Jehu, particularly if
his horses happened to be frisky."

"If I was a party of fidgety old women," con-
tinued Mr. Toggery, with solemn emphasis, "I
would rather trust myself with old Brix, blind
eyes and all, than with the usual half-tipsy rogue
who tells a pack of lies about the locality, and goes
to sleep on the homestretch—but you can't make
those old women think so."

"No, I fancy not," assented Mr. Neal.

"If you want a good horse, sir, you are sure to
find one at Martory; go there by train, ride
across the valley and up over the Col du Tigre—
it's a pretty bit of country."

"I might meet her on the way home," thought
Mr. Neal, as he took leave of Mr. Toggery and the
remise.

"I wish there were not so many holes and caves
in the rocks," said Margery; "they are such con-
venient hiding-places for brigands."

"Try to think and talk of something a little
more cheering, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, whose
mantle of timidity seemed to have fallen on Mar-
gery's shoulders.

At that moment there was a sudden roar like
thunder, and a huge piece of rock, dislodged from
the mountain above, came crashing down upon
the road. It stopped not fifty yards ahead of the
carriage, making a formidable barrier where the
space was too narrow to turn back with safety.

The ladies screamed, the frightened horses
hung back trembling and restive, while the old
man urged them forwards close upon the great
block of stone.

"Margery, is the old fellow mad? He seems to
be trying deliberately to upset us!" said Mrs. Lee,
half under her breath.

"Stop! stop! not a step further, or you will
have us all over the precipice!" cried Margery,
seizing the coachman's arm.

Never till the day of their death will those two
women forget the horrified expression of that
white-haired old man as he turned his face to-
wards them, and said, in awestruck tones:

"Madame, for God's sake tell me what to do; I
am stone blind, and I cannot see the danger be-
fore us. The good Lord forgive me for risking
your lives."

It was indeed a trying situation; to advance
was impossible, and to turn back a great danger
for a blind man and two frightened women. No
human being nor habitation was in sight; dark-
ness was descending, and help hardly possible
from other carriages at so late an hour.

"What shall we do?" was the mute appeal in
the eyes of the three unfortunates. To spend the
night on the mountain, in the intense cold, with-
out food, and in danger from highway marauders,
was a dreary prospect.

"Oh, that I had been willing to stay quietly at
home during Carnival week!" cried Margery,
dolefully.

"How dared you run such a great risk in un-
dertaking to drive us down the mountain when
you cannot see an inch before your face?" asked
Mrs. Lee, indignantly, of the now abject old
man.

"Lady, I earnestly beg your pardon, undeserv-
ing though I am. The fault is all mine: Mon-
sieur Jolicœur is not to blame. My grandson,
Paolo, was to have driven you over to Mentone,
but last night a gentleman offered him twenty
francs to go to Cannes instead. Paolo had a
dream last week that No. 303 would win the prize
in the Marsac lottery; twenty francs was needed
to buy the series containing No. 303. Paolo let
himself be tempted; but I'm worse than he—I,
with my white hairs, who ought to be telling my
beads in a corner, instead of driving over the hills
as I used to long ago. But *Signora mia*, the de-
light of feeling the reins in my hands again, and
the fresh wind blowing in my face!"

"So you let Paolo go to Cannes and you risked
our lives for a paltry twenty francs—for one of
those iniquitous lotteries, too!" exclaimed Mrs.
Lee.

"Yes, madame; I'm a very wicked old man.
Paolo drove away from the Jolicœur *remise* this

morning, with this carriage; on the way to your
hotel I took his place, with little Jeannot to guide
me. The road after La Turbie is usually safe
and quiet as a country lane, so I let Jeannot off
there, as his mother is ill in a cottage near by.
These horses and I have steady heads, and are at
home on these roads. Ah, me! old Brix, the king
of drivers on the Riviera, has lost his crown now,
and proved himself an old rascal. But, madame,
the demand for men was great; these Carnival
days make fools or villains of us all. I have never
played the rogue before, and the blessed Madonna
helping me, I will not do it again."

"In the meantime we are to stay here on the
mountain to-night, catching our death of cold, if
no worse fate overtakes us," said Margery, hope-
lessly.

"Is not that the sound of a horse's hoofs?"
suddenly interrupted old Brix, whose ears were
sharper than those of people blessed with sight.

The old man was right, and presently a horseman
was seen approaching at a spanking pace round
the brow of the hill. It was Sydney Neal, who had
ridden across the valley as Mr. Toggery had ad-
vised, and by inquiring at La Turbie, had followed
the carriage, instead of coming to meet it, as he
had at first planned.

Margery sprang forward to meet him with a
welcome as eager as if he had been an old and
valued friend for years. Afterwards only, she
blushed a little at the memory of how she had
seized his arm with both her hands, and begged
him to contrive some means of rescue.

With a man's nerve, cool head and fortunately
sharp eyes, it was no very difficult matter to un-
harness the horses, turn the carriage round, by
the united efforts of the company, reharness and
go back to the first comfortable lodging for the
night.

Thanks to the intervention of the big stone,
Sydney Neal was enabled to assume in one short
hour the rôle he so coveted, that of protector and
friend, to the beautiful girl he had learned to love.

Old Brix escaped the punishment he deserved;
nay, worse, Neal was weakly indulgent enough to
send the old fellow a favor, to wear at his wedding
with Margery, three months later.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

BREEZY Narragansett! the sonorous old Indian
name has a familiar and fashionable sound
nowadays.

The prosperity and popularity, both present and
prospective, of this blithe and elegant New Eng-
land seaside resort, to which we devote a page of
pictures this week, is of steady growth, and does
not at all partake of the unhealthy nature of the
advertised "boom." The site has a history dating
from "good old Colony days." The name, Narragansett
Pier, comes from the stone wharf built by
John Robinson about 1780, and of which the re-
mains are still visible.

The beginnings of this favored spot as a resort
of Summer visitants may be said to date back
rather more than a quarter of a century. During
the past ten years it has "got its growth" with re-
markable rapidity. Scarcely more than a decade
since, the stretch of land facing the beach, and
upon which the bath-houses and the ramshackle
booths and stores now stand, was almost a barren
waste. The owner would have been glad to sell
this property for \$1,500; to-day the property is
valued at anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000. The
valuation of taxable property was then probably
\$500,000; to-day the assessed property foots up
\$2,500,000. Narragansett—the "Pier" is to be
gradually dropped—has now a score of large
hotels, and three times as many beautiful cottages,
with all the accompaniments implied by such a
gathering of wealth and refinement.

Some years ago the movement to cut loose from
the town of South Kingstown, of which Narragan-
sett is a part, was broached among a number of
representative men of the latter place. The plan
was finally adopted and a Bill presented to the
General Assembly. By an Act of that body, June
1st, 1888, the town of South Kingstown was divided,
and Narragansett Pier is now known as the dis-
trict of Narragansett of the town of South King-
ston, or, in short, Narragansett. Immediately
after the division a Town Council was voted in,
with Governor William Sprague as President. A
Bill was offered by that body bonding the town
for \$100,000 to build a system of sewerage, ma-
cadamize the roads, and make other improve-
ments. This Bill was passed by the General As-
sembly and subsequently approved by the Town
Council. Work begins at once on the sewerage
system and road-beds. The highways of Narra-
gansett comprise an area of 13 miles. The pro-
posed sea-wall will skirt Ocean Avenue from the
north to the south pier, the distance from pier
to pier being about a mile. At the base the width
of the wall will be 10 feet; at the summit, 15. The
wall will be used as a sidewalk and promenade to
Ocean Avenue, which will be widened to 60 feet,
and be made a thoroughfare second to none in the
country. The water-works system, the capital of
which was raised by private subscription, will also
be put under way as soon as the necessary arrange-
ments can be completed. The water is to be obtained
from the Sangatuck River. The reservoir will be
built on Tower Hill, and will hold about 4,000,000
gallons.

Narragansett's natural advantages, lying as it
does on the lovely curved coast-line of Rhode
Island, are rivaled by its artificial ones. Visitors
from almost anywhere may get there with comfort
and dispatch. From New York, for instance, there
is the Stonington Line of steamers, leaving Pier
26 North River, near Canal Street, at 5 p. m., al-
lowing passengers to rest until 7 next morning.
Breakfast is served at 7.55, and a parlor-car runs
direct to Narragansett without change, via King-
ston and Narragansett Railroad, making the run
from Stonington in one hour. Another choice of
route is afforded by the Shore Line, starting at
the Grand Central Depot, New York, and running
several trains daily, some of which have sleeping
and drawing-room cars direct to Narragansett
without change.

The largest hotel at the Pier is the Mathewson,
a superb and thoroughly modern structure, situ-
ated on Ocean Avenue, with a high elevation, 300
feet from high-water mark, and commanding a
grand view of the Atlantic Ocean. Then there is
the popular Rockingham, the nearest hotel to the
bathing beach and Casino, with a piazza more than
300 feet in length, overlooking the entire beach.

The Casino, the head and centre of Narragansett's public attractions, is almost unique of its kind. For years the idea of some central gathering-place for hotel guests and cottagers had been discussed, but it was not until 1883 that a company was incorporated, a location selected, the Saunders Coates estate, at the head of Ocean Avenue and adjacent to the beach, was purchased, and work commenced. Mr. George V. Cresson is the efficient and enterprising President of the Narragansett Casino. The building and grounds extend from Ocean Avenue to Mathewson Street. Over the avenue in front stretches a massive stone arch connecting with double towers on the east of the roadway; over this is a broad, covered promenade, commanding an extensive view. The main entrance is under the arch. Opening from the landing in front is the ladies' parlor. The grand stairway leads from this landing to the upper floor. Opening from the tower is a broad promenade encircling the entire front; the dining-hall opens upon this, and both the promenade and the terraces in front are often covered with lunch and dining parties overflowing from the dining-hall. Opening from the dining-hall is the circular rotunda, with its huge stone fireplace. Passing up broad stairs, we reach an overlooking balcony. There are also billiard-rooms, and a gentlemen's reading-room. Grand balls are held in the theatre, and a fine orchestra supplies concert music during the day. It goes without saying that the *cuisine* has no superior. The restaurant is in charge of Louis Sherry, the well-known New York caterer, who has been here every season since the Casino was opened. Mr. Sherry has recently purchased a tract of land on the west of Earls Court, and erected a fashionable restaurant, which he intends in the near future to surround with a series of cottages. This establishment, known as "Sherry's," and managed as a select resort, where private dinners may be given, and the best of service secured, will in no manner conflict with the Casino. It is designed as a restaurant for private "spreads," an institution much needed at Narragansett.

From the indications of the opening, the present season at Narragansett is to be an exceptionally brilliant one. The day's life here, it has been said, is divided into three portions—bathing, refreshments, rocks. To these must be added music, dancing and supper—for these fill the evening hours and complete the day. Bathing has always been fashionable at Narragansett Pier, as it surely ought where Nature has provided such a superb beach. Any pleasant day, in the height of the season, you may see a thousand bathers in the water, and double that number on the promenade and balconies, or under the gayly colored marquees and tent-like shelters that fringe the stretch of silvery sand between the bathing-houses and the water's edge.

THE RACES.

LET regattas and athletic sports flourish as they may, "the races" are those of the flyers on the green turf. To see the crowds at Monmouth Park, Sheephead Bay and Brighton Beach nowadays, one would think that New Yorkers gave their undivided sporting allegiance to horse-racing. Owing to the situation of the great race-tracks patronized by residents of the metropolis and its neighborhood, "going to the races" means a delightful excursion thrown in. There is the sail down the bay and the railroad ride along salt and breezy Sandy Hook to get to Monmouth Park; a similar though shorter combination to reach the Coney Island courses; and for Jerome Park there is an unlimited choice of routes, including some ideal drives, and accommodations for coaching parties that might tempt Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Blaine.

And how the race-going public enjoys itself! How much excitement it seems to get for its money! Not a little of this excitement, it must be said, is heightened by a speculative interest in the races. The bookmakers do an enormous business, and a particularly profitable one when, as is the case at Monmouth Park, the prohibition of mutual or auction pools removes competition, enabling these gentry to offer very short odds against the favorites, and against all the horses in place betting. Yet even bookmakers have their ups and downs. At Monmouth Park last Wednesday, the Fourth of July, one of the greatest days in the history of that course, six out of eight favorites won; and of course the great bulk of the general public's money, undiverted by the "tips" and "exclusive information" of the sporting men, is placed on the horses of known repute and promise, regardless of the incidental chances of any particular race.

The artist has rendered some of the spirit, as well as the detail, of the racing season, in the sketches on page 345.

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE imposing Industrial Exposition which was opened at Cincinnati on the Fourth of July celebrates the centenary of the settlement of the Ohio Valley and the great Northwest Territory generally, as well as that of Ohio's chief city, Marietta, which claims a slight priority in this regard, marked its hundredth anniversary last April; but Cincinnati's centennial was properly chosen to represent the section in general, in a celebration of broad scope and permanent value.

After months of preparation, everything was ready on July 3d, the eve of the opening festivities. These embodied a Fourth-of-July celebration as well, and probably no exposition has ever been given with finer spectacular effects. The massive buildings and the adjacent streets, as evening drew on, were aglow with all the beauties possible from gas and electric lights. All Cincinnati was brilliant with the national colors. The Fourth was ushered in with a midnight jubilee of noise and fireworks, with ringing bells, booming cannon and all-pervading tin horns.

At nine o'clock the next morning the gates of the Exposition were thrown open, and the throngs of visitors began to pour in. At eleven o'clock the formal opening exercises began in Music Hall, which is reserved for a public resting-place and amusement hall. The stage was filled with the May Festival chorus and the Cincinnati Orchestra. The entrance of Governor Foraker, Governor Thayer of Nebraska, Governor Gray of Indiana, ex-Governor Bryan of Kentucky, Governor Beaver of Pennsylvania, with their staffs, the Hon. John Sherman and the Hon. Ben. Butterworth, was signaled by bursts of applause. After a choral number, prayer was offered by Rev. George B. Thayer, of Cincinnati. Governor Foraker made the welcoming address, saying that this Exposition was national in its character, intended to be illustrative and commemorative of the progress of Ohio and the Central States within the past century. About noon the stroke of a gong was heard, which Governor Foraker explained had been sounded by electricity

touching by the finger of Mrs. Polk, the aged widow of President James K. Polk, at her home in Nashville. Mary Allison, the ten-year-old daughter of the Exposition's President, James Allison, stepped to the side of the stage, and pressing an electric button, gave twelve signals on the gong and put in motion the ponderous machinery of the Exposition. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and President Allison formally declared the Exposition open. Brief addresses were made by Governors Thayer, Gray, and Beaver, Lieutenant-governor Bryan, the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, and the Hon. John Sherman, and the ceremonies were ended. The great parade started promptly at half-past two, and moved without serious delay over a six-mile route. It required two hours to pass a given point, and was witnessed throughout by delighted crowds. We give on page 356 an illustration of the historical procession passing the reviewing-stand on Race Street.

The Main Exposition Building, which occupies Washington Park, is cruciform in shape. Its dimensions, length and breadth are respectively 600 and 400 feet. There is a central building, with one long wing reaching towards Twelfth Street, and two other wings stretching either side to Race and Elm Streets. The other wing extends northward to the Park limits. An additional wing runs west from this last wing to Elm Street. Machinery Hall, which is erected over the Canal, extends from Twelfth to Fifteenth Streets. It is 1,300 feet in length and 54 feet in width.

A large appropriation was made by Congress for the purpose of bringing most interesting exhibits from the departments at Washington for the present Exposition. A number of States are making special exhibits, and the entire space is filled with the products of the century. Special attention has been given to making the place and surroundings attractive.

ITALIAN SQUALOR IN NEW YORK.

THE investigations recently instituted by the Board of Health in New York city, in parts of Mulberry Street and "Little Italy," in Harlem, demonstrate that the *padrone* system of traffic in wholesale Italian immigration has transferred to this city the horrors usually associated with the most squalid districts of swarming Naples. A specimen of what the sanitary policemen have found in scores of crowded tenements, almost within a stone's throw of Broadway, is shown in the scene depicted on page 341. Here are a few specimen reports, taken at random, which show what hives these houses are:

On the third floor of No. 39 Mulberry Street, Antonio Castilino has in five rooms, each 12x19.8, twenty adult lodgers and seven children. All sleep on the floor. On the third floor of the rear house Dominico Seo has one room containing fourteen adults and one child.

At 41 Mulberry Street is a four-story and basement house containing twenty-three rooms, 6x10, and two rooms 15x17. Ninety-four adults and one child live in the rooms.

No. 112 Mulberry Street, called the House of Blazes, five-story tenement front and rear, twenty-five families. In fifty-seven rooms were found one hundred and ninety adults and eighteen children.

No. 115 Mulberry Street, four-story and basement, fifty-six rooms, two hundred and five adults and thirty children. These figures were taken on a recent sultry night when the greater proportion of the Italians seemed to be out-of-doors, in the streets.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW CANAL BRIDGE, AMSTERDAM.

THE Dutch engineer Haverkamp has prepared the ingenious project shown in our picture for a bridge over the great ship-canal at Amsterdam, Holland. The city badly needed such a bridge, but could not well afford to stop the movement of vessels in the canal even for a day. Mr. Haverkamp proposed to build in the canal two great towers, high enough to permit the passage of vessels underneath the bridge. A spiral roadway, passing around the towers within, affords easy ascent and descent to and from the bridge, both for pedestrians and wagons. A horse railway will also be built over it. The roadway between the towers is 90 feet wide, and the bridge at its highest point is 50 feet high, the middle part being a movable draw, which is turned in order to let large vessels pass. The towers are 134 feet in diameter. The grade of elevation of the spiral road is 14 feet to the complete circuit.

THE IMPERIAL PRIVATE FUNERAL AT FRIEDRICHSKRON.

The latest German papers received here give a touching picture of the private funeral of the late Emperor Frederick III., "Unser Fritz." On Saturday, June 16th, the day after his death, the body was placed in the Jasper Hall of the Palace, where several of the Emperor's children had been christened. At one end is an altar, over which hangs a picture of the Saviour, and in front of this was placed the coffin on a dais under a black velvet canopy, surmounted by a crown, sword and sceptre, and surrounded by lofty candelabra and tabourets bearing the Imperial Insignia and Orders. The purple Imperial Standard at the foot of the coffin and the tall cypresses and laurels, together with piles of lovely memorial wreaths, relieved the prevailing gloom, while around watched stately guards. Frederick III. was clad in a Field Marshal's uniform with the Hohenzollern gray cloak, his Orders and family souvenirs, and laid on white silk cushions with his head gently turned to the side as if asleep. His features looked sunken, and his beard somewhat gray, but otherwise his face showed little trace of suffering, and wore a happy, peaceful expression. Brief religious services were held in the Hall on both Saturday and Sunday evenings, attended by the new Emperor and his Consort and the rest of the Imperial family, the widowed Empress being present on the first occasion. Next evening the mourners included the Empress Augusta, who, in spite of her feeble health, had insisted on returning from Baden-Baden for a last look at her only son. The ceremonial public funeral took place on the Monday following.

ADVENTURES IN TONQUIN.

Recent numbers of the *Tour du Monde* have described the exciting adventures of a party of French officers engaged in a topographical survey of the Chinese frontier of Tonquin, along the Red River. The account reminds one somewhat of those narrations of Pierre Loti, of which the scenes are laid in this part of the world; but there is some tragedy mingled with the story related by Dr. Neis. Messrs. Haitoo and Bohin, officers of

the commission, with several of their companions, were killed by Chinese brigands at Monkay; and in the fight illustrated in our engraving Lieutenants Geil and Henry perished, their junk on the Red River having been attacked and set fire to by a band of savage outlaws.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN ON BOARD THE "ITALIA."

A picture from Barcelona shows how that mighty monster of war, the modern ironclad, can be made to serve the uses of international compliment and courtesy in these "piping times of peace." The ship is the *Italia*, of King Humbert's navy; and the fair visitor, who stands beneath the great frowning guns and receives the courteous welcome of the Italian officers, is Christina, the Austrian Queen Regent of Spain.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE old arsenal at Pikesville, Md., was on the 27th ult. formally opened as a Confederate Soldiers' Home.

SEVEN HUNDRED English workmen are being naturalized at Bridgeport, Conn., and have declared their purpose of voting the Republican ticket.

THE House of Representatives has amended the Senate Land-grant Forfeiture Bill, so as to increase the land forfeited from 5,000,000 to 54,000,000 acres.

A BRONZE statue of Josiah Bartlett, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, recently set up at Amesbury, Mass., was dedicated on the 4th instant.

THE arrest of two Greeks, charged with inciting a revolt in Macedonia, indicates that secret influences are at work which may lead to a revival of the Eastern question in an unexpected quarter.

OVER one hundred members of the Brooklyn congregation of Rev. Dr. Talmage are about to sail for Europe for a seven-weeks' excursion through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and, perhaps, Spain.

It is recalled that it was Mr. Levi P. Morton who, with two other wealthy gentlemen of New York, filled a United States vessel with food supplies and sent them to the stricken people of Ireland at the time of their last potato famine.

THE last heading on the new Croton Aqueduct was cut through on Sunday, the 1st inst., just north of Ardsley, between shafts 13½ and 14. The tunnel is now open from Croton Lake to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, and under the Harlem River.

A RICHMOND paper says warmly: "Miss Amélie Rives is now Mrs. Chandler. She is no longer a mere defenseless girl with a father in a foreign country. She has the love and devotion of a young husband, whose strong arm will ever be ready to protect and defend her. Let the literary vipers beware!"

THE excitement of an ocean bath at Asbury Park, N. J., has been increased by the introduction of "automatic time stamps" into the offices of the bathing-houses. All persons taking a bath receive a card stamped with the time the suit is hired, and they are required to return the key to the house inside of an hour or the house will be relet and their clothes taken to the office. This rule, it is said, is introduced to do away with the practice of bathers who are in the habit of keeping their suits half a day or more while they lounge about on the beach.

MR. WILLIAM FEARING GILL and Miss Edith Gwinne, who was known as the elder maiden sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, were privately and somewhat mysteriously married in New York, a few days since. Both are literary amateurs. The happy pair, in view of the obstacles to their union in the shape of objecting relatives, married themselves in the presence of two witnesses. Mr. Gill chivalrously withdrew to his own lodgings immediately after the ceremony, while the bride repaired to Narragansett Pier, to await the result of the attempt of friends to pacify the relatives.

THE steamer *Volta* arrived last week at Liverpool with Congo dispatches to May 27th, which give further details concerning the camp on the Aruwimi, in Central Africa. Reconnoitring parties which had advanced along Stanley's route passed quantities of human bones, which were apparently the remains of victims who had fallen in fights between Stanley's followers and the natives. No relief had been received by the camp from Tippoo-Tib. Major Bartlett, believing that Stanley was not more than 500 miles beyond the camp, in the direction of Khartoum, was preparing to strike his tents and push on and join him.

THE fiscal year closes with an exhibition by the Treasury of a great surplus and an increasing excess of receipts over expenditures. There is in the hands of the Treasurer a net cash balance of \$103,220,464, as against \$40,853,369 on July 1st, 1887, or an increase in twelve months of \$62,367,095. The increase, notwithstanding the purchases of bonds, is \$21,513,726 more than the surplus in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year 1886-7. The receipts from customs for the year just closed were \$219,397,076, while in 1886-7 there were \$217,286,893. The difference between the receipts and the expenditures in 1886-7 was \$103,471,097, while the receipts for the fiscal year 1887-8 were \$110,239,486. The internal revenue receipts were \$6,000,581 greater than in 1886-7, and the miscellaneous receipts were \$184,617 less than in 1886-7. For ordinary expenditures the accounts show that there were expended in 1886-7 \$10,707,913 more than during the fiscal year just closed, but the expenditures on account of pensions, which were \$75,029,101 on July 1st, 1887, were \$81,575,937 from that time until July 1st, 1888.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 29TH.—In San Francisco, Cal., General Washington L. Elliott, U.S.A., aged 68 years. JUNE 30TH.—In London, Eng., Edward A. Farrington, of New York, formerly United States Consul at Valencia, aged 40 years; in Northumberland, Pa., Colonel David Taggart, aged 67 years; in Boston, Mass., Rev. Charles H. Wheeler, of Winchendon, aged 58 years. JULY 2d.—In Gloucester, Mass., Addison Gilbert, a prominent business man and philanthropist, aged 79 years. JULY 5th.—In Woodstock, Md., Rev. C. M. Piccirillo, S. J., Prefect of Studies at the College of the Sacred Heart, aged 65 years. JULY 6th.—In Winchester, Ky., Ben. T. Cavanaugh, a noted Methodist divine and scientist; in Jersey City, Robert Gilchrist, ex-Attorney-general of New Jersey, aged 63 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE total cost of the Republican National Convention was \$30,800.

AN expedition is being formed in Berlin for the relief of Emin Pasha.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of June amounted to \$14,429,502.

OFFICIAL reports of the Russian crops are favorable, and indicate a yield above the average.

THE Florida orange crop is estimated at about 2,000,000 boxes, and the fruit promises to be of extra fine quality.

A VOTE of confidence in the Government was last week adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies, 270 to 157.

It is stated in Paris that Germany is about to adopt more stringent measures in regard to French citizens in Alsace-Lorraine.

QUEEN VICTORIA has recently given \$350,000, the balance of the Women's Jubilee Offering, to St. Catherine's Training Hospital for Nurses for the London Poor.

THE increase in the assessment of San Francisco real estate this year is \$16,000,000 over that of last year, while the increase of personal property assessments is \$2,500,000.

A CONVENTION of delegates representing 496 Democratic clubs was held in Baltimore last week. A National Association was formed, with General Chauncey F. Black as President.

A CHICAGO anarchist who cheered too lustily for anarchy one day last week was seized by some patriotic people, and only set free after he had been painted red, white and blue from his head to his feet.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will be twenty-five years old on August 17th, and it is proposed to have a grand celebration of the anniversary on that day at the place of its birth, Detroit, Mich.

THE Consular and Diplomatic Bill, as finally agreed upon by Congress, provides for a Consul at Bona at a salary of \$4,000, who is expected to develop United States commercial interests in the Congo region.

GRASSHOPPERS have recently appeared by the million in the vicinity of St. Paul, Minn., and seriously threaten the total annihilation of crops. It has been decided to pay \$1 a bushel for the captured hoppers.

THE collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1888, amounted to \$114,094,759, being \$5,428,867 more than the collection during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

THE Fourth of July was celebrated by the Americans in London by a number of patriotic gatherings. A reception given by the American Minister was attended by some six hundred persons, including many prominent Englishmen.

A BIGAMIST named Brown, who was arrested in Chicago, recently, was shown to have married no less than seventeen women in Michigan since 1885, living with no one longer than two weeks. He has a lawful wife and four children living in Rochester, N. Y.

THE assessed valuation of the real estate in New York city for 1888 is \$1,302,818,879. The value of the taxable personal estate in 1887 amounted to \$253,148,814. This year it amounts to \$150,623,552. The net increase in the value of real and personal property this year amounts to \$45,801,768.

THE Gloucester schooner *Ambrose H. Knight*, seized five weeks ago at St. John's, on the charge of selling bait to the French fishing fleet at St. Pierre, in contravention of the Newfoundland Bait Act, has been released, and Captain Diggins, whom the inquiry cost a loss of four weeks of time, now resumes his fishing voyage.

O'DONNELL's suit against the London *Times* suddenly collapsed last week, the Lord Chief-justice deciding he had made out no case. It looks as if the suit was collusive in its character, its object being to enable the *Times* to print certain documents alleged to be injurious to Parnell and some of his associates.

THE official estimate of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of the number of baskets of peaches which will be shipped over the several Pennsylvania divisions of that road is 6,782,555. This does not include the thousands of baskets which will be used by the canners, or those to be sent by other routes, which will foot at least 2,500,000 more.

ONE by one the by-elections in England are inspiring fresh courage in the hearts of Mr. Gladstone's followers. The election in the Isle of Thanet on the 29th ult. is the latest instance. At the previous election Colonel King-Harman, whose death recently occurred, was elected by a majority of 2,088. The Conservative majority is now cut down to 658 in a total vote nearly 2,000 greater.

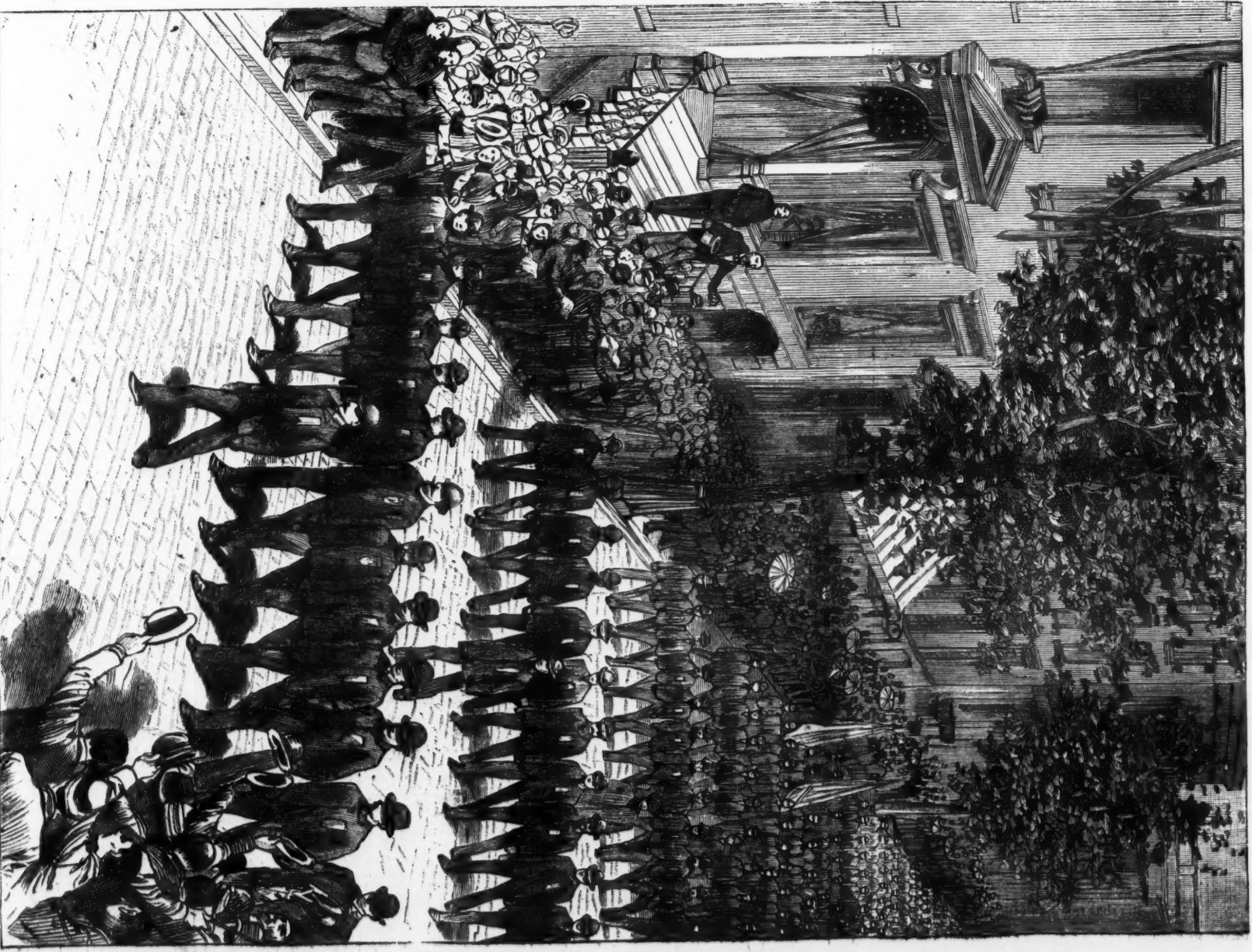
THE Irish bishops have published a series of resolutions explaining in detail the present position of the land question, and expressing the opinion that unless Parliament immediately applies a really effective measure to protect tenants from oppressive exactions and arbitrary eviction the most disastrous consequences to public order and the safety of the people must almost inevitably ensue.

At the recent election to fill a vacancy in the French Chamber of Deputies in the Department of the Charente there were three candidates—a Republican, a Bonapartist, and the nominee of General Boulanger. As none of them received a sufficient number of votes to elect, a second ballot has just been taken, resulting in the return of M. Seguin, the Bonapartist candidate. The French people have evidently become tired of Boulanger, and now that even the Bonapartists refuse to exert their influence in his favor, it is difficult to see how he can ever again become an important factor in French politics.

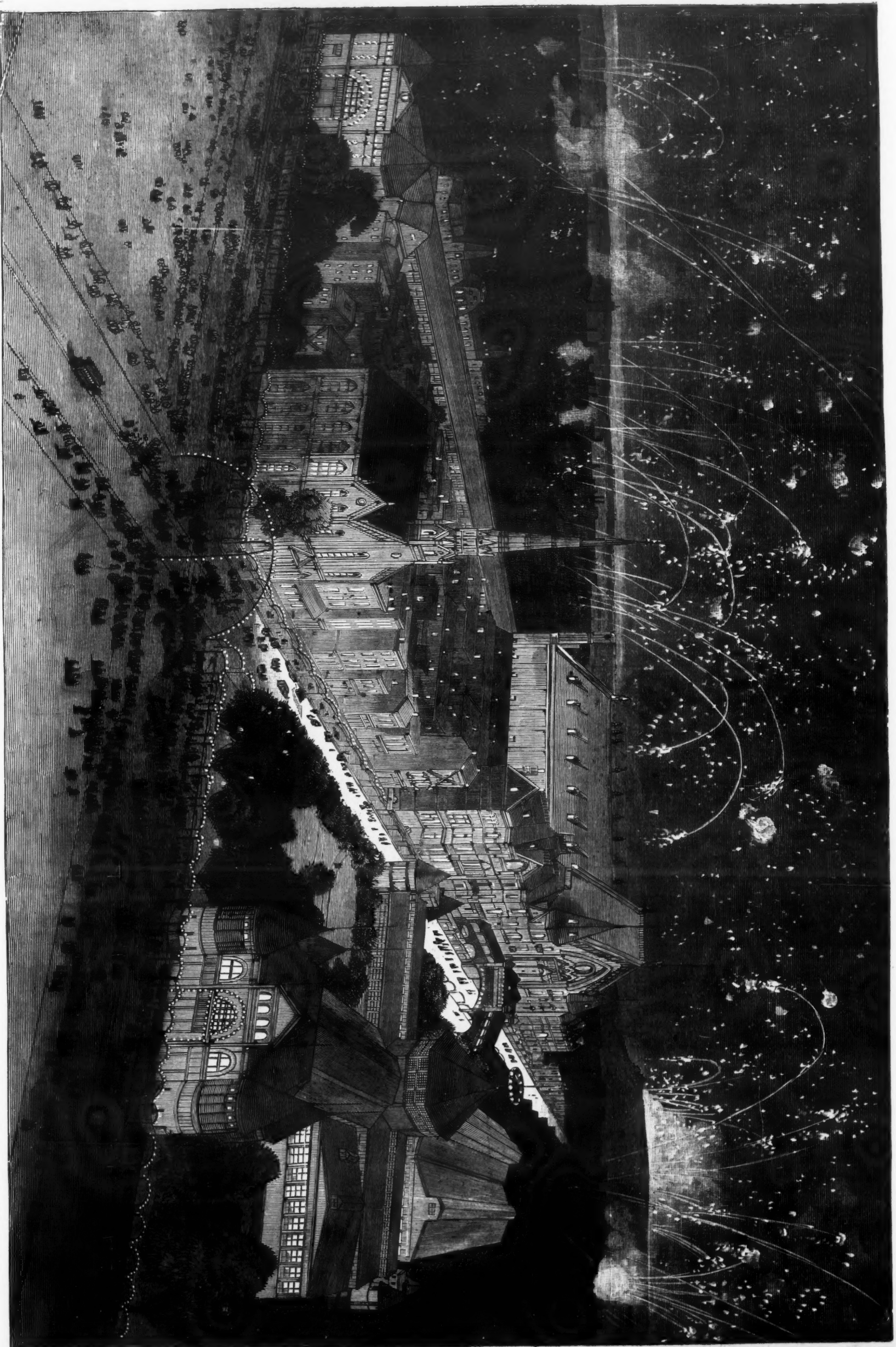
GENERAL HARRISON was formally notified, on the 4th instant, of his nomination for the Presidency. In accepting it he modestly said: "I do not assume or believe that this choice implies that the Convention found in me any prominent fitness or exceptional fidelity to the principles of government to which we are mutually pledged. My satisfaction with the result would be altogether spoiled if that result had been reached by any unworthy methods, or by a disparagement of the more eminent men who divided with me the suffrages of the Convention. I accept the nomination with so deep a sense of the dignity of the office and of the gravity of its duties and responsibilities as altogether to exclude any feeling of exultation or pride."



NEW YORK.—RETURN OF VETERANS FROM GETTYSBURG DECORATED WITH WHEAT-SHEAVES FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 301.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND PARADE OF LETTER-CARRIERS, JULY 4th.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE RESIDENCE OF HON. S. S. COY., ON TWELFTH STREET.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 301.



OHIO.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION IN CINCINNATI, COMMEMORATIVE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TERRITORY NORTHWEST OF THE OHIO RIVER—THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS ILLUMINATED, JULY 14.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—"WHO IS THE MAN?"

ROB BLACK fought till his muscles refused to act, and then, perfectly helpless, Sergeant Slack gave his orders, and the trump card was played.

The four men seized each an ankle or a wrist, lifted the prisoner from the ground, and hanging away as far as possible, and of course keeping step, carried him face downward to the lock-up.

"No great torture?"
As the writers of the past used to say—"Gentle reader," of the masculine sex, lie face downwards in some field, and be carried five hundred yards by four stalwart men, and then report the sensations to the muscles at the end. Add to this the shame and disgrace suffered by an innocent, outraged man at being borne in this way through the public streets, in the midst of a laughing and jeering mob, and some idea of the state of Rob's mind may be reached.

But fate had worse in store.
The sergeant had his man borne in triumph to the barrack-gates, which were reached just as the crowd was satiated with the sight and was beginning to shout orders to "Let him down now!"—"Put the poor fellow on his legs!"—"That's enough!"—and the like.

But the barracks were reached, the military passed through, the gates were closed in the face of the yelling mob, who would have begun to kick and batter them but for the sentry pacing up and down, while Rob Black was borne slowly across the square, his face scarlet, his eyes starting, and the veins in his temples throbbing ready to burst.

As they were crossing the yard, Sergeant Slack caught sight of an approaching group, and by a refinement of cruelty he gave the order to his men to take a rest.

The opportunity was seized on the moment, Rob lying there passive now, and nearly insensible from exhaustion and pain.

"Now close together, and don't let the ladies see," he said; and the men ranged up in front of their prisoner. "We'll go on as soon as they are by."

As a matter of fact, Slack knew that the colonel, who was crossing the square, would be pretty well sure to come out of his way to see what was going on.

This proved to be the case, for the colonel came quickly up, in company with Lady Cope and Hulda.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" he cried. "An accident?"

"No, sir," said Slack, saluting. "Man drunk, violent and fighting. We've had to give him the frog's march. Now, my lads, you're rested now. Take him up. Forward!"

The colonel stood frowning as the men lifted their prisoner and bore him away while the sergeant hung back.

"Who is the man?" said Sir Philip, sharply.

"Private Black, sir. Very violent man."

The colonel made an impatient sign, and turned to Lady Cope and Hulda, who were pale and rigid, as if cut in stone.

"That's one for my gentleman," said the sergeant to himself. "I don't think he'll get his promotion now."

"Confound the scoundrel!" cried Sir Philip, angrily. "I did hope to have made a decent soldier of that man."

"Don't condemn him unheard," said Lady Cope, gently.

"Unheard!" cried the colonel. "Not I. He has condemned himself."

And Hulda, with her heart throbbing, said mentally:

"At last I can tear the illusion away. I must have been mad—I must have been mad."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—DICK'S MISSION.

A FORTNIGHT passed away. Rob had been before his superiors, and the sergeant had made good his tale.

There had been a fight in a low public-house: Rob Black took part in it, and afterwards resisted capture when the party of the men who had been summoned came to get the disturbers of the peace to barracks.

Chip Tarn and Private Thompson tried hard to speak in the young man's defense; but he maintained a stubborn, defiant silence; and on the other hand there were seven witnesses to prove his desperate resistance—witnesses not suborned, but men ready to speak of what they saw as the sergeant wished.

The public-house disturbance was an offense ten times worse at the present time, when the most stern orders had been given to the men of the regiment not to get into any trouble with the civilians, and only those of the best character were allowed out of bounds.

Rob Black had offended grievously, and the colonel was sorry, he said, but an example must be made, and Rob's punishment was short and sharp—so much heavy drill, confinement to barracks, and the loss of his chance of promotion.

Sergeant Slack was that night supremely happy. Rob went off with lowering brow, telling himself that all was over and the sooner he let himself sink down among the dregs the better.

Three nights later, Dick came to him and found him seated alone, sullen and gloomy, but he

seemed to revive at the sight of the colonel's servant, and shook hands warmly.

Then they sat together in silence, Dick hesitating about speaking, but longing to say much if he had only dared.

"Master Rob, sir," he said, at last, "I've done wrong."

"What, you, old sobersides?" said Rob, lightly.

"What's wrong with you?"

"I've done wrong, sir, in letting the colonel fix me there. He soon found out that I knew a lot besides grooming horses, and after I helped once or twice waiting at table, he made me keep to it; but I've done wrong."

"Why, Dick."

"I ought to have stopped alongside of you, my lad, and tried to keep you out of mischief."

"What? Now, Dick, don't you turn against me, man, whatever you do. My life's hard enough as it is."

"Turn against you, my dear lad? I'd suffer anything to keep you out of trouble; but it hurts me to find you in such scrapes as you're always in. Just, too, as I want you to stand well with the colonel and to see you promoted and get to be an officer and a gentleman."

"Me!" exclaimed Rob, with a derisive laugh.

"Absurd! Why, Dick, we are soldiers—slaves—the wretched butts of such men as Miller and Hesselton and—"

"Hold hard, my dear lad," said Dick. "There's officers and officers, and if ever a true gentleman lived, it's Sir Philip Cope, who's always looked kindly upon you."

"Colonel Cope is a gentleman," said Rob, coldly, "and I am a private soldier. Ah! Dick, it has all been a mistake."

"Then let's mend it, my lad. I've got the money to buy you out."

"And if I take it, Dick—"

"Yes, my lad," cried Dick, eagerly.

"If I take it, and use the hard savings of such an old friend as you, may I be—"

"Stop, my dear lad, stop. I can't bear to hear you talk like this. You're put out and hurt by all what's been going on, but don't—don't go on like that. There, let me draw on the money and buy you off."

"I forbid it, Dick. I will not have it done, and if you do it I'll enlist again to-morrow."

"But why, my dear lad?"

"I left home to be a soldier, and I'll stay as one, come what may."

"But you thought you could get promotion, my boy: and now you see you can't—you're like this."

"Never mind; I shall stay."

"If you'd only be persuaded."

"Perhaps you'd like me to go back home and beg my father's pardon?" said Rob, bitterly.

"No, no, my lad, no!" said Dick, excitedly.

"I'd sooner see you stop where you are; but do—pray do try and bear what you have to bear. Sir Philip likes you, and so does her ladyship, God bless her! And—don't be angry. Master Rob—I—I can't help thinking sometimes that our young lady likes you too."

"Dick!"

"Master Rob."

"Man, you're mad."

"No, no, I'm not, my dear lad; and if you work and win your way up, who knows what may happen?"

"Nonsense! I forbid you ever speaking to me again like this."

"Very well, Master Rob. I'm only a servant, and I'll do what you tell me; but if at any time you should alter your mind, there's the money, and we'll go off and begin again, so that some day you may come back a gentleman, and then—"

"Silence, man!"

"All right, sir, I've done. But you will be careful not to get into any more trouble with the captain?"

"Yes, Dick, I'll try."

"That's right, lad, do. He don't like you, because you are what you are, and I sometimes think that there's a sort of jealous feeling in him."

"What?"

"Well, may be it's only my fancy, but it isn't fancy that he hates you, my lad, and you know that."

"What cheer, mate?" cried a jovial voice; and Jack Thompson came into the barrack-room.

"Why, Dick White, my jolly cock, you're getting fat. Ah, you're a lucky one. I'd give my ears to be in your place."

"You're welcome to it, Jack."

"Ah, but I couldn't take it. I say, how's Margery?"

"Quite well, Jack."

"I say, no foul play, old chap. No cutting a man out."

"No fear," said Dick, with a sombre look. "I shall never ask no woman to be my wife. But I've got to be back," he added, rising. "Coming to the door with me, my lad?"

"Yes," said Rob, leaving his seat.

"Coming back, Rob Black?"

"Yes, Jack, directly."

"That's right," said Jack Thompson, as he settled himself upon the form with his back against the wall. "Nice lad—nice lad, but he's about the unluckiest beggar under the sun."

"Want to say something else, Dick?"

"Yes, my lad," whispered his companion. "I want to give you something."

"To give me something?"

"Yes, my lad. I fought against it, but she made me bring it."

"Dick!"

Rob's face grew scarlet, and his voice sounded hoarse.

"I promised at last to give it to you, for I said to myself that you'd act sensibly, and not lose your head, nor yet make her lose hers."

"Hush, my man, hush! Quick! Where is it?"

Dick drew a note from his breast and slipped it into Rob's hand, which closed upon it tightly as

he drew a deep, sobbing breath, and then the blood seemed to rush to his heart ready to suffocate him, and then flow back, leaving an empty void, as he wondered how she could have stooped to write to him.

He was like one blind for the moment, and he literally groped his way to the far corner of the barrack-room, where he could turn his back on Jack Thompson, seated a hundred feet away.

Dick had gone, and his steps could be heard echoing across the yard; but Rob could not collect his thoughts—only listen to the wild throbbing of his heart, above which came the old servant's words of warning.

"She loves me—she loves me!" he panted at last. "Dick saw it—he knew it, and now here is her confession—her—oh, no, no, no! It cannot be. I dare not—I dare not—I should be dragging her down to a fate worse than death!"

He paused for a few moments, with his temples throbbing and everything swimming before his eyes.

Then, making what seemed to be a desperate effort, he raised the note to his lips, bent down, tore it open, and burst into a wild and mocking laugh.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A LAST LOOK.

AND yet that letter cost Nelly Dawson so much labor and thought, and was the result of so much satisfaction when it was dispatched by Dick, that it seemed hard upon the poor girl that it should only elicit a mocking laugh.

But Rob's laughter was not at the letter so much as at himself for his vanity and folly in thinking as he had. In fact, when, later on that night, he re-read the letter, he did not even smile, but read between the lines that, grotesque as was the diction and quaint the style, there was undoubtedly in the poor girl's breast a very warm attachment for his unworthy self.

The letter was as follows:

"MORETON BARRACKS, July 19th, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. BLACK: You will be very much surprised to receive a letter from me, but I have been talking a grate deal to Mrs. Brown about you getting in to so much trouble, and she says that it's a pity to see so nice a young man as you are taking to public houses and bad ways and as she said it was a pity you didn't have a friend to talk to you and tell you how easy it is to go from bad to worse and turn out a drunkard. I sit down to write you these few lines hoping that for the sake of one who would like to be a good and affekshunt friend to you the public house and canteen is a bad place for a young man who all his friends want to see a sargent, as you would make a much nicer one than that ofus Mr. Slack, and I have not spoke to him since our people are going to the ball and I shall go and try to see the dancing which I like to see don't you with kind regards and hope you will take this good advice. I remain

"Yours affekshunt friend

"ELLEN DAWSON."

"P. S.—I shall praps be at the tea and corfy place washing up cups and saucers on the nite of the ball and if you come there I would rather pore you out some tea than any nasty stuff you could get at a public house and not give you a headache."

"E. D."

All this on a quarto sheet of Bath post with gilt edges, folded very carefully, and one fold tucked in another before being sealed with some spangled wax and an engraved glass seal upon which were two hearts tied together with a ribbon—at least, that was what the artist intended to represent; and poor Nelly fondly believed that this letter would be deposited inside Rob Black's smart red-breasted jacket, whereas it was confided to the flames with a sigh.

Rob did not give it another thought, but spent the intervening days asking himself what he should do, and at last the answer seemed to come.

The canvas walls of a large marquee could be seen through the trees in the grounds beyond the colonel's, with lights flashing here and there, while a bright glow seemed to be reflected into the sky.

The evening had come in almost with the warmth of the tropics, and there was a delicious sensation of pleasure in breathing the scented air, which might have quieted even Rob Black's unquiet brain as he leaned out of the barrack-room window quite alone, for all his comrades off duty had strolled into the town or were hanging about the old palace-grounds to see something of what was going on, one of them now and then contriving to elude the vigilance of the gate-keepers by professing to be the bearer of a message to a comrade in the band.

Without, all was delicious; and the great mellow stars looked down upon a scene of beauty in which tree and building took unwonted shapes, softened by the glowing shadows of the Summer night, while from time to time, as the music rose in crescendo, there floated to the ears of the solitary man the voluptuous strains of some walse, and in imagination Rob saw beyond the warm halo which represented the tent the brilliantly lit scene with its white-and-red drapery, flags, flowers and the light costumes of the ladies mingled with the gay uniforms of the officers and the dark evening dress of the civilians.

He seemed to see it all, and Hulda shining out from among the rest, answering Captain Miller's request for her hand with a smile.

There they seemed to go, one hand clasped in his, his arm about her waist, and she yielding to him as he lightly bore her round and round, and in and out among the dancers, while the strains of the music rose and fell, and all seemed so real that Rob started back with a groan of misery and despair.

A common soldier—shut out of all such scenes as these by his own act, and yet madly nurturing such a passion as was his.

He stood up, panting, in the long, desolate barrack-room, with its double row of beds and the men's arms and accoutrements looking weird and strange in the obscurity.

"I can't bear it!" he muttered. "I shall go mad

if I stay. There is the canteen. Well, why not? The drink drowns all care such as I suffer from, and I may as well go there and forget."

In a fiercely reckless way he half traversed the long barrack-room, but only to stop short as he recalled the scene of his being carried to the lock-up, half mad with rage and pain, realizing all that passed, though unable to speak in his own defense.

He ground his teeth with rage.

"No, no; no more of that," he groaned. "I must go. I must get away from here. I've been disgraced enough, and it's time there was an end of it. I'll go."

He hurried out of the barrack-room and down stairs to cross the parade.

It was quite dark enough for his movements to be hidden from the sentries, and he had no difficulty in reaching the wall and climbing over, to stand in a field, beyond which, to the left, lay the road and freedom, if he could find some place where he could purchase civilian's clothes, and a seller sufficiently reckless to risk the displeasure of the authorities and the following punishment for supplying them.

On his right lay the old palace-grounds with the illuminations flashing through the trees.

He had taken a dozen strides towards the hedge which separated him from the road, when the strains of the band floated towards him in a thrilling burst which brought up again the vision of the marquee and its crowd of dancers.

He stopped short.

"I must see her once more," he said, hoarsely.

"I must look upon her dear face again; and, though she will not hear it, say 'Good-by.' A deserter," he added, mockingly; "a disgrace to the regiment. But I shall be a deserter only in name, for I am going to join some other regiment at a depot, and get sent out to India if I can. Yes, once more," he muttered; and he stood hesitating for a few moments as he thought over the best way of proceeding.

There was an old brick wall, high, but moldering and uneven, away to his right. He could easily climb that and be in the palace-grounds; but he must be seen if he did so, and then he would be ignominiously driven out, as such an interloper should be.

No; he would go to the front gate like a man, and take his chance of obtaining entrance to the grounds.

Fortune favored him, for, as he was passing the rank of carriages, he came suddenly upon O'Rourke in full uniform.

"Ah, Rob Black, you're as bad as any of them. Pretty girls, the music and a clear flure, and ye can't kape away. Ye're longing to shake yer leg wid the best of em."

"Where are you going, sergeant?"

"Going, boy? In yonder, to be sure. I'm on special duty."

"Take me in with you."

"But ye're in undress, me boy. Why, if ye'd spoken sooner, I could have made a special of ye and put ye on at one of the entrances to take tickets."

"But get me in somehow. Just to see the dancing for a few minutes."

"Whew! How will I do it, me boy?" said O'Rourke, thoughtfully. "Ye see, I can't do as I like. Bedad, I know! Here, take this and give it me back again. It's a report. Howld it in yer hand, and if annybody says a wurrd to ye, it's a message for the bandmaster. That'll carry ye in. Tell the first spalpeen who spakes to ye that it's dance music. Come along, and look bowld."

The sergeant marched up to the front entrance, where no hindrance was placed upon his passing through.

"The private's with me," he said, in a quick, authoritative way; and Rob passed on with him to mingle directly with the crowd of guests, who took no more notice of a couple of the lancers than of the waiters hurrying here and there with ices and claret-cup.

"There, lad, ye must shift for yerself now," said O'Rourke; and he nodded and went off to the place where he was on duty to see that the grounds were not invaded by the non-invited.

Rob took advantage of his position, and, paper in hand, went round tent after tent, draped up and decorated, occupied by loungers or the guests who were seeking refreshments after the last dance.

The scene was enchanting to one who passed the greater part of his time in the desolation of the barracks; and as Rob went on he scanned the various passers-by eagerly, but though every now and then he caught sight of one of his officers, there was no sign of her he longed to see.

The grounds were well filled with promenaders, who preferred the beauty of the Summer night and the lamp-hung trees to the glare of the brightly lit marquee, but no one noticed him till he neared the end of the great canvas structure from which came the strains of the band.

"Where are you going?" said a gruff voice, suddenly, and a sergeant of police stepped out of the shadow.

"Which is the band entrance?" said Rob Black, promptly.

The constable looked at him sharply, saw that he was in the uniform of the regiment, and that he had a note in his hand.

That was sufficient, for the man had already passed the charmed circle formed by the walls.

"Round on the other side. Small opening, looped back."

Rob passed round, getting a glimpse of the interior in one place where the canvas was raised for coolness, and the burst of light seemed to dazzle him.

The next minute he reached the narrow entrance pointed out, and slipped in.

A dance was in full progress, and the bandmen too busy to pay heed to a man of the corps coming close behind them, so that for some minutes, with his eyes gradually growing accustomed to

the glare, Rob was able to search the ever-moving through till his eyes rested upon the broad, tall figure of Sir Philip with Lady Cope by his side in the midst of quite a crowd of guests.

Then he caught sight of the doctor, then of Heston dancing, then of other officers of the regiment, and lastly of Hulda, exactly as he had pictured her in his imagination, dancing with Miller; and they passed within twenty feet of where he stood, to drop out of the circle of dancers; and then as Miller bent down and seemed to be saying something earnestly to her, Rob turned sharply and hurried out of the tent.

"I've seen her," he said, bitterly. "I have seen her. Now let me go, and learn to forget—everything. Heaven help me—I wish I could!"

It was easy enough to pass out of the grounds, and as if moved by some idea that had taken possession of him, the young man went back straight to the part of the wall where he had climbed over, and reached the parade-ground once again.

CHAPTER XL.—A DANGEROUS MOVE.

FROM there it was easy to gain access to the well-kept garden in front of the colonel's residence, and here he paused and scanned the windows.

There was a light in the hall, and on looking through the glass, he could see Dick seated on a chair reading a newspaper.

Rob hesitated a few moments, and then walked boldly up and tapped.

Dick opened the door at once.

"Hullo, Mr. Rob! You here!"

"Yes. Is the colonel in?"

"No. He's at the ball."

"Her ladyship?"

"No. She's with him, of course. Everybody's there, my lad, even the servants. They're helping in the tea-room and ladies'-room. I'm the only one here."

"That will do," said Rob; and he strode right away into the darkness.

"Feels as if he ought to have been invited too," said Dick, as he looked after the tall figure till it was out of sight. "Poor lad! Poor lad! Sure to bite him sometimes."

Dick returned to his seat after closing the door, and took up his paper, but did not read it, for his thoughts were full of his young master, and he muttered, softly: "Well, I don't know how it's going to end."

All at once he started and rose to his feet to listen, for he fancied that he had heard a sound, but at that moment a cat trotted into the hall looking rather wild-eyed and scared.

"Oh, it was you, was it, my lady?" said Dick, sitting down again, the cat accepting the action as an invitation to spring into his lap and nestle down.

But if Dick had been a better guardian of the premises, he would have looked round and encountered Rob, who, after going a certain distance, had turned back, made his way into the garden at the side, and found no difficulty in raising one of the conservatory-windows and stepping in.

From the conservatory to the drawing-room was an easy stage, and from there to the little boudoir shared by Lady Cope and Hulda.

From this latter a door opened into the hall on the other side, and turning the handle softly, Rob looked out from the darkness into the well-lighted place, where he could see Dick seated stroking the cat.

For a few moments the intruder hesitated and felt disposed to take his old friend into his confidence, but that seemed to be impossible. He could not make him a partner, he told himself, in the theft he was about to commit.

The colonel's hall was handsomely furnished and resembled a museum of the trophies of his gun mingled with specimens of the arms and armor he had collected during many years' stay in India. Skins and rugs covered the floor, and with his steps deadened by these, Rob had no difficulty in crossing to the open door of the library and passing in just as voices were heard without, and there was a loud ring at the door.

Rob hesitated again and would have retreated, but that was impossible, and feeling his way to the mantelpiece, he ran his hand along till he felt it touch something upon which his eyes had rested when he had his memorable interview with the colonel.

He uttered a low ejaculation as he tore open the buttons of his jacket, and thrust in his spool, and then stood fixed to the spot as he heard Hulda's voice in the hall.

"Thank you, no, Captain Miller," she said.

"But shall I tell Lady Cope?"

"I beg you will not, Captain Miller. I am only tired—I do not wish them to be made anxious."

"But you will let me stay and bear you company till they return?" he said, in a low, earnest voice, which made Rob thrill with jealousy, for they were standing now in the well-lit hall, opposite the open door, and though Hulda's face was hidden from him, Rob could note every expression in that of his officer.

"Thank you, no, Captain Miller," said Hulda, speaking loudly, whereas he had lowered his voice, evidently so that the groom could not hear, and then to Rob's great delight she added, "Do not close the door, White: Captain Miller is going."

"Hulda, Hulda," whispered the captain, "this is cruel. What have I done that you should treat me so coldly?"

"Captain Miller, I am unwell and weary," she replied, firmly. "You will excuse me, I know."

He drew in his breath with a low hiss.

"You are queen," he said, softly, "and I your obedient subject. Good-night, then."

"Good-night," said Hulda, in a low, agitated voice; but she stood there looking very firm in the full light of the hall-lamp, till the door was heard to close, and then the captain's parting steps came plainly from the gravel walk.

"Can I get you anything, ma'am? Are you ill?" said Dick, respectfully.

"Thank you, no, White. Go and send Nelly to me at once."

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but the servants have gone to help with the tea and coffee, and to look on at the dancing."

"Yes, I had forgotten. Never mind," she said, wearily, as she unfastened her opera cloak and let it fall off upon her arms. "Yes! What is it?"

"Sorry to trouble you, ma'am, but here are four of the colonel's letters which I was to be sure and post before twelve. I hadn't forgotten them, but I've been alone in the house and didn't like to leave. Would you mind being left alone?"

"Yes. For Heaven's sake, stop!"

Rob seemed to hear the words spoken, though there was not a sound, and the utterance was in his inner consciousness.

The words which were spoken came from Hulda's lips:

"Oh, no. You will not be long?"

"Ten minutes each way would do it, ma'am."

"And you will not stay?"

"Not I, ma'am; but if I see the maids I'll bring 'em back."

Rob's mouth felt dry, his heart was beating furiously, and he stood drawn back there by the fireplace, gazing wildly at Hulda, as she stood fast for a few moments, a picture of beauty that seemed to drive him wild with love and misery. Framed as it were in the doorway, with the light beyond thrown upon her with a weird, Rembrandtish effect, her glistening white satin and pearl ornaments standing out strangely from a background formed by a quaint Japanese screen, while as she gazed intently in the direction of the door, one little white satin slipper was advanced and rested upon the head of the tiger upon whose striped skin she stood.

Rob felt giddy, and with a quick motion he clutched at the tight stock which confined his swelling throat.

Then he felt a strange sensation of relief, and it seemed to him as if all this had been a dream, for Hulda suddenly passed out of sight as the front door closed, and then with Dick's footsteps dying away upon the gravel, he heard a sharp, harsh sound, followed by a low sigh.

Hulda had shot the bolt of the door.

The blood surged to Rob's temples again, and he tore at his throat.

Honor, duty to the unprotected child of his colonel, forbade word or movement.

Love—all-powerful love—reminded him that they were alone, there in that house, far from the revelry going on. That the time had come when he must tell her how he worshipped her; how he was ready to die for her, and that he craved but one kind look, one gentle word to give him hope, before he fled from the place, never to see her again till he could come in some worthy guise.

"No, no," he said to himself; "she does not love him, and I will wait."

At that moment he heard the clicking noise made by a candlestick being moved over the marble slab in the hall. There was a slight increase of light, and, burning with the intense desire to rush out and seize her hand, he yet forced himself to remain quiescent, as he told himself that she was going by the door with a lighted candle to ascend to her room.

"I shall see her pass," he thought; "and then—good-by!"

The next moment she stood once more framed in the doorway, gazing straight at the light she held, and he could see that her brow was contracted, and that there was a look of anguish in her eyes which he had never seen before.

His heart gave one great throb, and then seemed to stand still, for she turned half round and walked into the room towards where he stood.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN FRANK P. FLEMING,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.

THE Gubernatorial State Democratic Convention recently in session at St. Augustine, Fla., after a two days' contest, nominated, on the fortieth ballot, Captain Francis P. Fleming, of Duval County, for the office of Governor of the State. Mr. Fleming was born in the little village of Panama, Duval County, Fla., on the 28th of September, 1841. The captain's grandfather was a Floridian, and his father, Colonel Louis Fleming, a native and resident in Florida the greater part of his life, was a planter at Hibernia, on the St. John's River. His mother was Margaret, daughter of Charles Seton, of Fernandina, and also a native of the State. Captain Fleming received a good business education, and before the late war was engaged in active business pursuits. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in Captain John W. Starke's company of Florida Volunteers, which was soon after incorporated into the famous Second Florida. He served with his command in the Army of Northern Virginia until August or September, 1863, when he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in Company D, First Florida Cavalry, in the Army of Tennessee. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of captain, in which capacity he faithfully served until the end of the war, having been engaged in most of the bloody battles which marked the last year of the struggle in Tennessee and North Georgia.

Soon after the termination of the war, Captain Fleming entered the law office of E. M. L'Engle, Esq., and two or three years later he was admitted to the Bar, and became a member of the law firm of Fleming & Daniel, with which firm he has continued to be associated up to the present time, earning for himself a reputation not only in his own locality, but throughout the State, as an able advocate and a reliable counselor. He has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, but, whilst doing so, has always manifested a profound interest in all matters connected with the welfare and advancement of the State. His loyalty and devotion no less to the Democratic party than to the interests of Florida have made for him a host of friends, while in his own County of Duval,

where he is most intimately known, he commands the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens of all classes.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT ELYRIA, OHIO.

WE give on page 352 an illustration of the Soldiers' Monument at Elyria, O., which was dedicated on the 26th ult. Elyria is a town of 6,000 population, pleasantly located on the Lake Shore Railroad, twenty-five miles west of Cleveland. It is situated between the two branches of the Black River, which form a junction below the town, and empty into Lake Erie eight miles north. The town has a large manufactory of tubular bow sockets for top buggies, screw and tap works, shear factory, canning factory, etc. Its railroads are the Lake Shore and the Cleveland, Lake Erie and Wheeling. The population is enterprising, and it is surrounded on all sides by beautiful scenery.

The Soldiers' Monument just dedicated is built of Westerly (R. I.) granite, and is in every way a fitting memorial of the patriot dead who perished in the War for the Union. Its base is fifteen feet eight inches, by thirteen feet two inches, and its height from the foundation to the top of the flag-staff is forty-two feet. The statue crowning the shaft is nine feet and seven inches high.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE United States has about half the railway mileage of the world.

PROFUSCINE, the new tanning agent, is obtained by digesting coal-tar with caustic soda at a boil, and neutralizing the resulting liquor with hydrochloric acid. The inventor claims it is only half as costly as the bark process, and from twenty to thirty per cent. cheaper than the alum process.

SOME months ago, a large consignment of salmon ova was dispatched from Denmark to Buenos Ayres, via Hamburg, for the stocking of certain lakes and rivers in the Argentine Republic. The experiment has proved very successful, the ova arriving in excellent condition, and further consignments are to be made.

AMONG the late English inventions of interest is one by G. Bischoff, of London, called a process and apparatus for purifying water. According to the inventor, water is purified by mixing with it iron in a state of fine division, allowing subsidence of part of the iron and effecting precipitation of a further quantity of the iron by aerating the liquid.

EXTENDED observations at Paris and at Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground water present have invariably been the healthiest, while those in which there has been a smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest.

THE discovery of electric welding has suggested the welding together of ends of rails so as to make continuous rails of 1,000 to 1,500 feet in length. The device would save in wear and tear, but would necessitate a special joint to provide for the gap of six or seven inches which would occur between rails of this length under the ranges of North American temperature.

MRS. SCHAEFER, of Chicago, has lately invented a garbage crematory built on the plan of a large oven. It is fed from the top, the ashes sifting through iron grates into four-wheel carts so that they may be conveniently hauled away. It is so constructed that the smoke and smell are carried by pipes into a large smokestack. She has also constructed a machine for washing windows.

TELEGRAPH-POLES are preserved in Norway by making an auger-hole about two feet from the ground, in which four or five ounces of sulphate of copper in coarse crystals are placed and plugged in. The chemical is gradually absorbed by the wood until its whole outer surface turns of a greenish hue. The sulphate requires an occasional renewal, and is said to be a perfect preservative.

ACCORDING to recent experiments, strychnine undoubtedly neutralizes the intoxicating and narcotic effects of alcohol. It enables large quantities of alcohol to be taken for a considerable stretch of time without causing the usual organic lesions which follow the use of alcohol alone. Therapeutically, strychnine should be used in all forms of alcoholism; it may be regarded as a powerful prophylactic against alcoholism.

TO PROVIDE means of heating passenger-cars by steam when the locomotive is detached, a "blizzard heater," so called, has been devised, consisting of a fire-brick pot and a telescopic chimney, on the principle of the traveler's pocket drinking-cup. When not in use, the whole thing occupies only ten and one-half inches of space, and may be shoved under a seat and out of the way. It is hung by chains from the car-roof and floor.

W. A. LYMAN, of Milford, Conn., is making the smallest possible specimen of an engine. It will be made from a silver half-dollar. The boiler is to hold about eight drops of water, but with four drops the engine can be worked several minutes. When finished it is to be placed under a glass case three-quarters of an inch in diameter and an inch and one-eighth in height. Some of the parts will be so fine and delicate that they cannot be made without the use of a magnifying-glass.

A MEDICAL journal states that new experiments have changed old theories upon the best methods of treating frost-bites. A physician froze sixty dogs into a condition of completely suspended animation; twenty of these were treated by the usual method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, and of these fourteen perished; twenty were treated in a warm apartment, and eight of these died; while of the remaining twenty, which were put at once into a hot bath, all recovered.

RESIN, as used in building paper, is being largely replaced by a petroleum product called "still wax," or wax-tallings. An important advantage in the use of this petroleum product, in connection with paper and fibrous substances, consists in its non-liability to oxidize and thus produce spontaneous combustion. Moreover, it is said to lighten with age, instead of growing more brittle, like resin and coal-tar pitch. It is not more combustible than resin; it burns slowly with a dull flame, producing immense quantities of lampblack of fine quality. It melts rapidly at 200 degrees Fahr., and in that state combines perfectly with resin, asphaltum and warm oil. Its use is therefore expected to increase largely.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE will write the campaign biography of General Harrison.

SENATOR SHERMAN has announced that he will enter actively into the coming campaign.

It is stated that Mr. Thurman will take the stump in Ohio and Indiana, and afterwards in the Eastern States.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee last week reported the nomination of Melville W. Fuller to be Chief-justice "without recommendation."

UNITED STATES SENATOR STOCKBRIDGE, while in Detroit recently, wagered his best horse against a broncho that Harrison will be elected President. His best horse is a stallion, valued at \$30,000.

It is proposed by Mr. Blaine's friends in Maine to give him a grand reception on his return to Augusta. It is expected that a committee from different parts of the State will meet him at Boston and accompany him home.

MR. JOHN WANNAMAKER, of Philadelphia, is the first citizen of this country who has rounded out a full \$1,000,000 of insurance on his life, and the next highest life insurance is John B. Stetson, the great manufacturer of the same city, who has \$750,000 of life insurance.

FRANK BELLEW, the artist and cartoonist, died on Long Island on the 30th ult. He was an old chum of Walt Whitman's. Bellew was a charming man, and wrote in an especially happy way for children. His son, who is also an artist, uses his father's familiar triangular signature.

GENERAL SHERIDAN's voyage to Nonquitt, Mass., was interrupted last week by heavy weather at sea, and the *Svalara* was obliged to run in behind the Delaware Capes, where the distinguished passenger suffered a brief relapse which caused a good deal of anxiety. He soon recovered, however, and later in the week the voyage was resumed.

It is related that when a vote was cast for him for Presidential candidate at the Chicago Convention, the Hon. Frederick Douglass, who was on the stage, turned to a lady who sat just behind him and jokingly remarked: "I hope I will not lose any of my strength on the next ballot." "Oh, Mr. Douglass," the lady replied, "you are a dark horse."

THE Washington doctors say there never was a critical case more superbly managed than General Sheridan's. At one time, it is known, both pulse and respiration had stopped—he was literally a dead man. But one doctor clapped a galvanic battery to the general and the other pounded away to produce artificial respiration, and he was brought back from death to life.

PITCHER, the defaulting teller of the Union Bank of Providence, R. I., carried off about \$700,000 in money and securities. "I took everything I could carry," he said in an interview, "except about \$1,500 that was in silver. I only took two or three rolls of that to pay my expenses on the way. The rest of it was too heavy." He carried his booty in a basket, as a valise would have aroused suspicion.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON with his wife and his mother sailed from San Francisco a fortnight ago in the yacht of a friend—the largest afloat in these waters. The voyage will last seven months, and will include visits to the Marquesas Islands, Otaheite and Honolulu. Mr. Stevenson will continue his literary work during the cruise and will seek new sources of inspiration in the lands and seas he visits.

PRESIDENT-ELECT FLORES of Ecuador, who is now in this country on his way home from Europe, speaks hopefully of the future of that South American Republic. He was successful in negotiating commercial treaties with the chief European Powers, arbitrating clauses in regard to any international disputes having been inserted in the treaties made with France, Spain, Belgium and Switzerland.

AMONG President Cleveland's visitors, last week, was John Winchell, of Detroit, ninety-one years of age, a survivor of the War of 1812, who fought with honor as a private in the battle of Lundy's Lane. The old man visited Washington to urge the passage of a Bill to pay him arrears of his pension, which was granted to him in 1834 for a wound received in 1814, when that famous battle was fought.

MR. FRANK THOMSON has been elected First Vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He had previously been Second Vice-president. Mr. Thomson is one of the most thoroughly equipped railroad men in the country, and he has risen through every grade in the Pennsylvania Company, of which he was for some time General Manager. He is deservedly popular both with his associate officers and with the employes of the road.

"It would increase the general health and comfort," remarks a contemporary, "if Mr. Depew and Mr. Everts and Mayor Hewitt, and Dr. Talmage and Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. Whitlaw Reid, would only wear flannel shirts in town." Perhaps they would, if they were obliged to spend as much time in New York during the "heated term" as the average citizen. But in spite of the absence of these eminent examples, the soft, white and generally grateful woolen shirt and collar are to a great extent superseding the starched dickey and choker.

THE marriage of Mrs. Louis Hammersley to the somewhat notorious Duke of Marlborough, on Friday, June 29th, was the international society sensation of the past month. The civil marriage, which took place in the City Hall, was the social event of Mayor Hewitt's incumbency, and imparted a touch of humor to the proceedings. The duke and the newly made duchess sailed for England on the day following the wedding—a departure which removes a conspicuous figure from New York society. The bride is a blonde of the purest type, superbly formed and statuesque in figure, with gracious manners and a winning smile.

PATRICK EGAN, of Nebraska, who was widely known in connection with the Irish-American movement in Mr. Blaine's favor in 1884, is in the grain business. He is a small man, with yellowish-gray hair, a broad forehead, large head, blue eyes and smiling lips. In conversation he impresses one as having intellectual vigor and cultured intelligence. He had experience in the grain business in Ireland before he came to America. He was head bookkeeper for a large grain firm in Dublin. It was there, also, that he learned the principles of organization which he has applied successfully to various organizations of Irishmen with which he has been connected in this country. He is about to take the stump for Harrison and Morton.



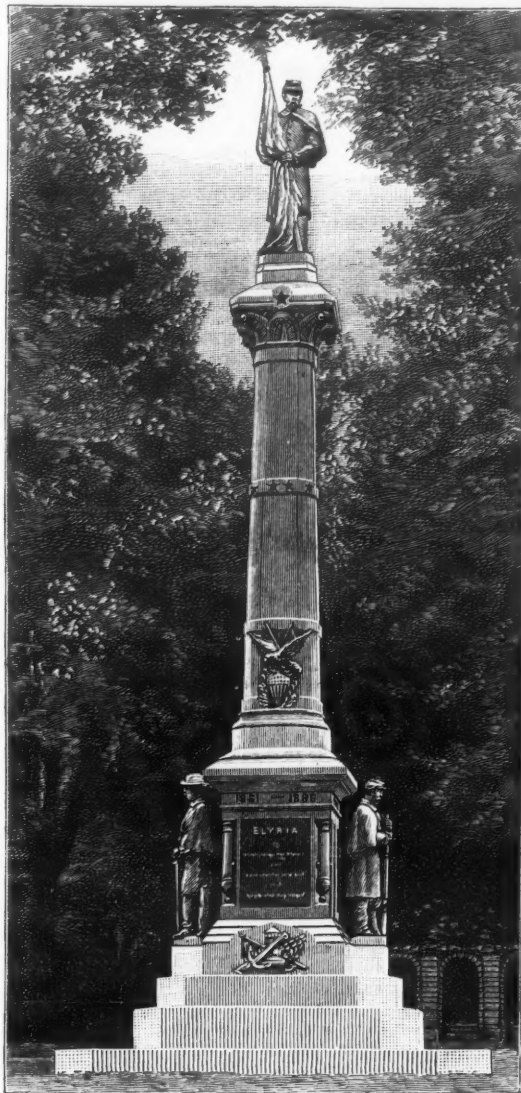
JAPAN.—HIS EXCELLENCY MUNEMITSU MUTSU, ENVOY AND MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY BELL.

MUNEMITSU MUTSU,

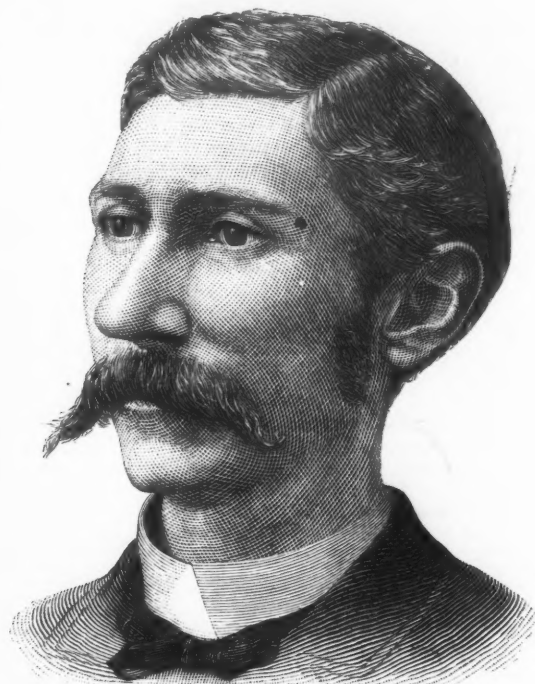
JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

SOME few months ago much regret was felt and expressed at the departure from the United States of the popular Japanese diplomat, Mr. Kukii, the late Minister, he having been recalled to take a high position under the home Government. The diplomatic void has been filled by the appointment of a gentleman who bids fair to be more popular than his predecessor. Minister Mutsu is a very remarkable man in more ways than one—his life having been exciting, romantic and eventful in an exceptional degree. He was born in Kii in the year 1844. When he was only nine years of age his father was made a political prisoner, and held as such for years, all the family's property being confiscated, and leaving the wife and children in poverty. Little Munemitsu was then taken into the family of his uncle, near Jeddo, and supported and educated until he was sixteen. Before he had reached manhood's years he commenced traveling, in his native province at first, and afterwards extending his rambles over the entire Empire of Japan, and gathering information as to its institutions and policy. While the people of Japan were struggling under the yoke and oppression



OHIO.—THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT ELYRIA, DEDICATED JUNE 26TH.

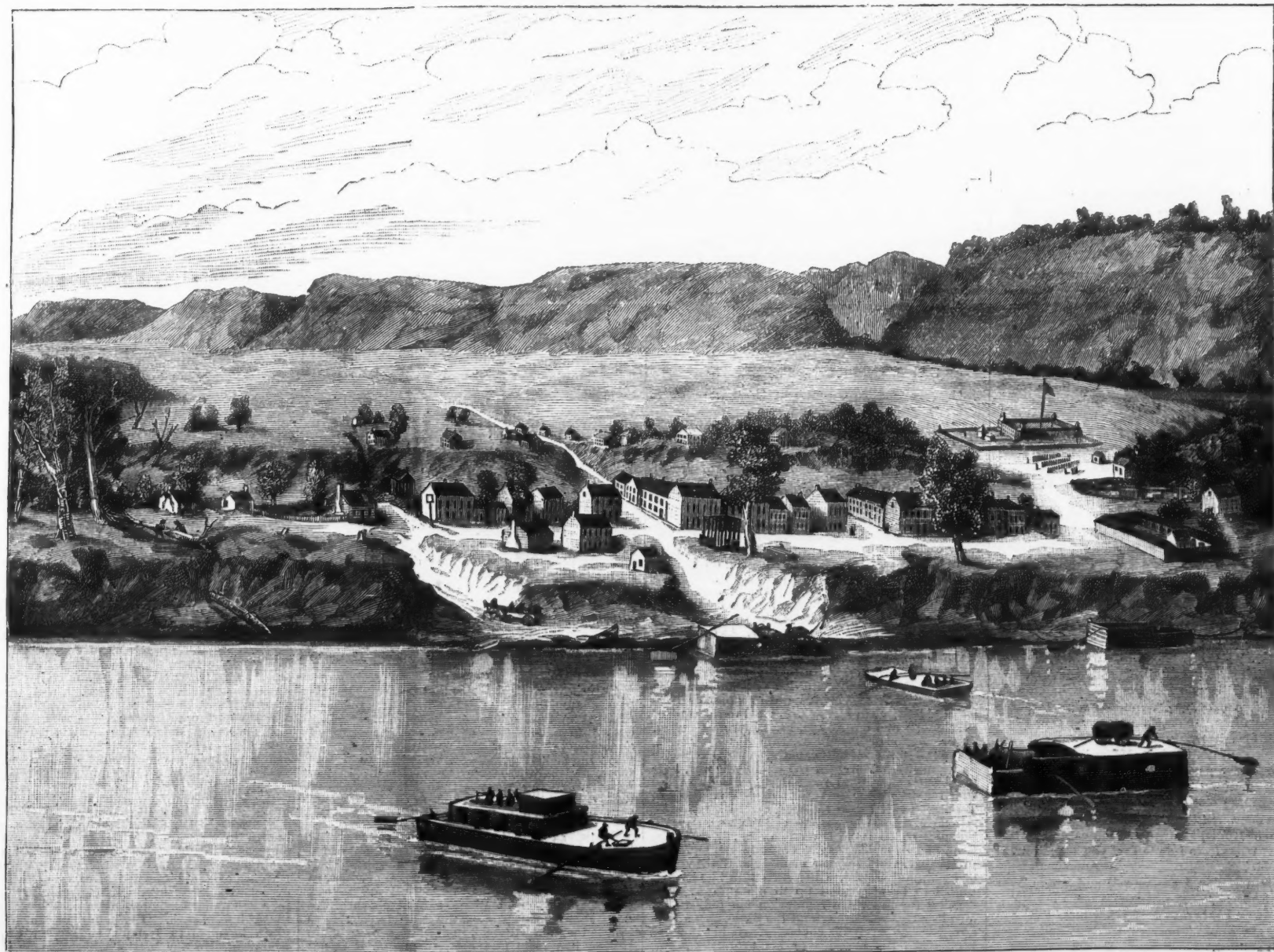
PHOTO. BY A. S. CLARK.—SEE PAGE 351.



FLORIDA.—CAPTAIN FRANK P. FLEMING, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY BURGERT.—SEE PAGE 351.

of the feudal or Shogunite system, young Mutsu espoused the cause of the Mikado and good government, and then it was that he (like his father before him) was thrown into prison and kept there for years, and the wonder is—so outspoken was he—that his life was not the forfeit of his independence. When the revolutionary or Shogunite government was put down, and the Mikado's administration fully restored, he returned to his native province, where he was welcomed with honors, and made Governor of Kobe at the age of twenty-four years. During the Franco-Prussian War he visited Germany, remained there for a year, and then proceeded to London, where he made a study of Parliament and the English system of government. Upon his return, in 1872, he was appointed to the responsible and onerous position of Director of the Bureau of Taxation, and under his administration of it wholly changed the then Government system of "taxation in kind" to one upon a moneyed basis. With this in view, he caused to be taken a list of the entire acreage of land and its value throughout the Empire, and then imposed a tax upon it, to be paid by the owners thereof, thereby reducing it to a system and lowering the taxes for the people at the same time. He has been Governor of Hiogo and



Walnut Street.

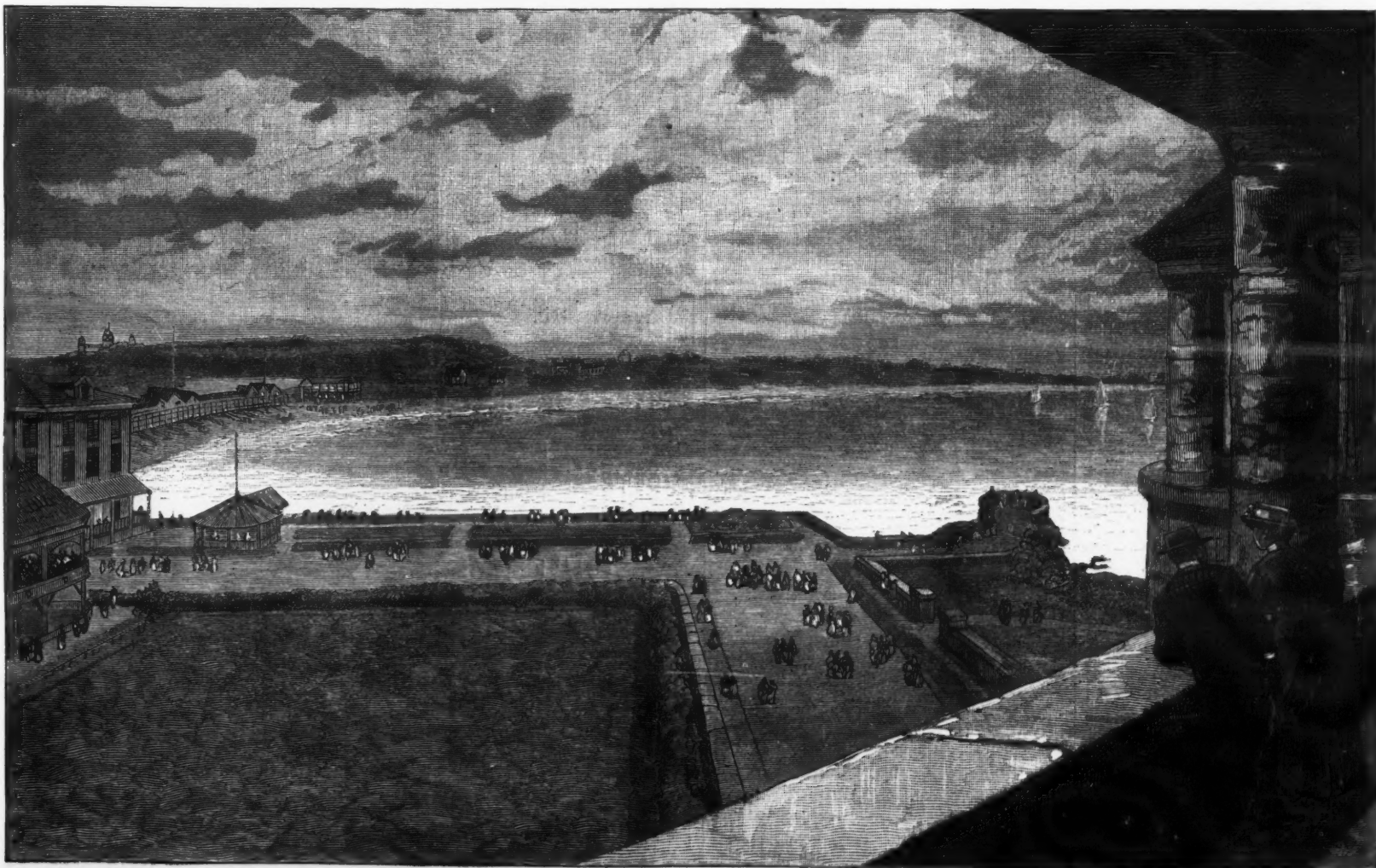
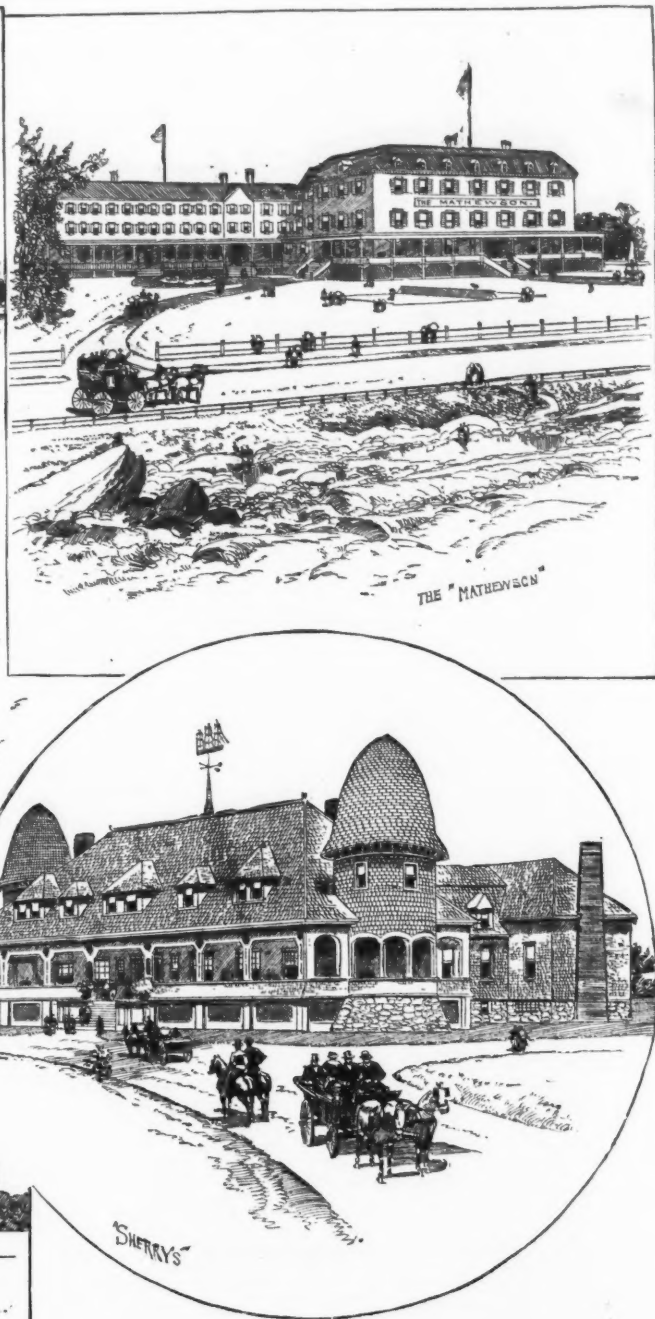
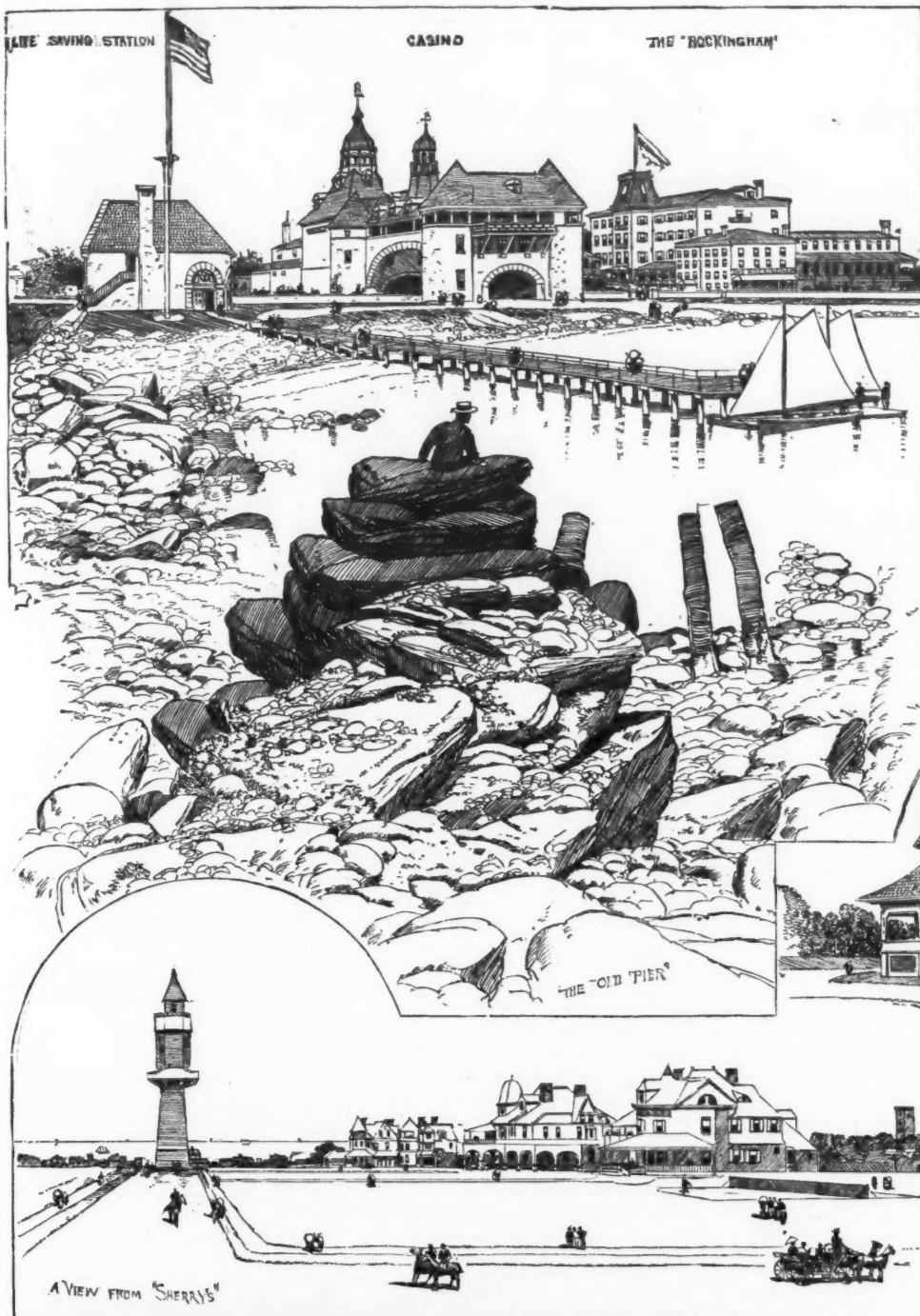
Main Street.

Sycamore Street.

Broadway.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—CINCINNATI AS IT APPEARED IN THE YEAR 1800.

SEE PAGE 347.



RHODE ISLAND.—THE ATTRACTIONS OF NARRAGANSETT AS A SUMMER RESORT.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 346.

Kanagawa. He was made Vice-minister of Finance, and about a year afterwards became Vice-president of the Senate. In 1883 he made an extensive tour through America and Europe, studying their systems of government and educational institutions. In 1886 he was assigned to the Political Bureau of the Foreign Office as Minister Resident in reserve, and in 1887 he was appointed Vice-president of the Law Codification Commission. The same year he was raised to the rank of Envoy. On the 2d of May he arrived at San Francisco, and by easy relays reached Washington a few days ago, where he presented his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Mikado to President Cleveland, and immediately entered upon the discharge of the duties of the Legation.

Mr. Mutsu's most remarkable achievement was his translation, when a political prisoner, of Bentham's work on Political Economy. When he set out to accomplish this truly brave undertaking he only knew the English alphabet, and his assistant in the task was an English-Japanese dictionary, but even thus poorly equipped, he rendered the work into comprehensive Japanese text, and published the same. He has written considerably, and his works stand high in Japan. He is a close student, and is constantly engaged in some literary work. He is also a gifted orator and a good conversationalist, although he speaks English with some hesitancy. In private life and the social circle he is fascinating in manner and a charming host. He does not touch malt or alcoholic liquors of any kind, but he is a most inveterate smoker. One of his favorite pastimes is the cultivation of beautiful flowers and—turnips!

Minister Mutsu is accompanied by his wife, daughter and a son.

THE LETTER-CARRIERS' CELEBRATION.

THOSE faithful "boys in gray," the letter-carriers, trudged through the streets of New York on the glorious Fourth, but the tramp was one of parade triumph. The occasion of the demonstration was the passage of the Bill limiting the carriers' hours of labor to eight hours a day. There were 700 New York letter-carriers in the procession, which was swelled by a contingent of 550 from Philadelphia, led by Postmaster Harritt, and by about 300 Brooklyn men; while delegations from Washington, Baltimore, New Haven, Jersey City, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, Hartford, Newark and New Brunswick swelled the entire number to about two thousand. All were in uniform, and wore silk badges, while the lines were bright with banners and flowers. Shortly after 3 o'clock p. m. the New Yorkers assembled in City Hall Park, and were presented with a set of colors by Congressman S. S. Cox, who made an appropriate and witty speech. The flags are works of art. On the national flag in gold letters is inscribed, "N. Y. Letter-carriers' Association." On the association flag of white satin trimmed with gold fringe is the painting of a letter-carrier, encircled by the words, "Letter-carriers of the City of New York, July 4th, 1888."

The New York carriers then met their Philadelphia brethren at the ferry, and, the other delegations having in the meantime arrived, the procession moved up Broadway to Twelfth Street. Here the carriers turned off and marched to the residence of Congressman Cox, which was decorated with American flags. The procession halted, and another flag was presented to the New York men by Mrs. Cox. The procession then moved to Fifth Avenue, to Seventeenth Street, to Union Square, to Twentieth Street, to Irving Place, to Nilsson Hall, where refreshments were served. The procession was reviewed at Union Square by distinguished guests, including Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, Brooklyn's Postmaster; Hon. P. M. Harritt, Philadelphia's Postmaster; Dr. McGlynn, and Congressman John J. O'Neill, of St. Louis, all of whom had worked with energy for the Bill.

In the evening there were exercises at the Academy of Music, with patriotic music and addresses by Congressman Cox, Dr. McGlynn, Rev. W. F. Crafts, and others. Resolutions were adopted thanking Congress for passing the Eight-hour Bill, the Representatives who aided the measure and the citizens of this city who presented the flags.

THE RETURN FROM GETTYSBURG.

THE Second Fire Zouaves, Seventy-third Regiment (Excelsior Brigade), New York Veteran Volunteers, returned from the Gettysburg reunions last week, on the afternoon of the Fourth. They spoke in glowing terms of their quickened memories of the field of twenty-five years ago; and many of them brought back golden sheaves of ripening wheat from the farms that to-day cover the battle-ground. These souvenirs had a thrilling significance, when it was remembered that the Seventy-third belonged to Sickles's corps, and was in the "whirlpool of the battle" in the famous Peach Orchard and Wheatfield, where the ranks of blue melted away like smoke, in the second day's fight.

The grand exodus of soldiers and civilian spectators from Gettysburg began on Tuesday of last week, and the population of the place was reduced to its normal 6,000 by the night of the Fourth. The vast army of visitors had far exceeded the capacity of the little town to entertain, and there were naturally a great many complaints about meagre accommodation and excessive charges. Yet the reunion, by far the greatest ever held at Gettysburg, was a memorable success, and attracted an extraordinary assemblage of former commanders of both armies. General Longstreet visited the place for the first time since the battle, and many correspondents have described his touching meeting with General Sickles, at the Springs House. Entering the dining-room, General Longstreet saw his bitter foe in the great battle seated at one of the tables. He hunted up General Sickles's crutches, gave them to him and assisted him to another table, where they sat side by side chatting in the most friendly way over their dinner. This incident is but typical of many similar ones which occurred in the encampments and at the hotels during the reunion days.

TIMELY DEFINITIONS.

THE New York Sun gives these timely definitions: "A protectionist is a revenue reformer who proposes first to take off the internal revenue taxes and to bring the Government back to the sources of revenue which were relied upon previous to the civil war; and after that he would revise the tariff, always with the principle of protection uppermost."

"A free trader is a revenue reformer who

proposes first of all to reduce the tariff duties on foreign goods and to maintain the internal revenue taxes untouched. The revision of the tariff he would put through with the principle of free trade with foreign nations uppermost. By steadily pursuing this policy, all strictly protective duties would be swept away in the course of about twenty years, and the country brought substantially to internal taxation as its permanent mode of revenue. This would be equivalent to free trade.

"The man who claims to be a protectionist and yet proposes to maintain the internal revenue taxes unchanged, and to begin revenue reform by smashing the tariff, is either under a delusion himself regarding his own opinions or is seeking to delude others."

"The man who claims to be a free trader, yet proposes before making any change in the tariff to first reduce the internal revenue taxes, is a sort of man we have never seen; and of his existence there is as yet no evidence."

"It is just as well that these distinctions should be understood exactly as they are. There is no use in any false pretense or misleading representation about the subject."

GETTYSBURG.

Two hostile bullets in mid-air

Together shocked,

And swift were locked

For ever in a firm embrace.

Then let us men have so much grace,

To take the bullet's place

And learn that we are held

By laws that we held

Our hearts together!

As once we battled hand to hand,

So hand in hand to-day we stand,

Sworn to each other,

Brother and brother.

In storm and mist, or calm, translucent weather.

From G. P. Lathrop's "Ode."

The best photographs of General Harrison are issued by Messrs. Sherman & McHugh, successors of A. Bogardus, No. 11 East Forty-second Street. In a note to the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, General Harrison states that his family regard the photo, published by this firm as in every way excellent.

FUN.

BILL rendered—William II. of Germany.

MONTREAL LADY (to American financier)—"Do you not find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?" *American Financier*—"Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there."

BROWN (to Robinson, returned from abroad)—"You say you were robbed in Italy?" *Robinson*—"Yes; they took every cent I had." *Brown*—"I suppose you went to the American Consul for help?" *Robinson*—"Yes; and he wanted me to lend him five dollars."

HUSBAND (very impatiently)—"If the fool-killer should strike this town, he would find plenty of work to do." *Wife*—"Is there such a person, dear?" *Husband*—"Of course there is." *Wife* (with great anxiety)—"Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful."

ON THE STEAMER (OUTWARD BOUND).—*Mamma*—"I was reading in a paper just before we sailed that there are one million more women than men in Germany." *Daughter* (of uncertain age)—"Mamma, I think it will hardly be worth our while to go to Germany."—*Boston Transcript*.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND RICHER.

A CHARLESTOWN WOMAN DRAWS A PRIZE IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

Mrs. MARY E. CLARK, wife of Mr. Linus E. Clark, Superintendent of the Money-order Department of the Boston Post-office, who lives at No. 217 Main Street, Charlestown District, is \$15,000 richer to-day than she was a few days ago. The following story of how she obtained the money was told to a *Herald* reporter by her husband: "As long as you have called on me," he said, "I suppose I must say something; but, for good reasons of my own, I had hopes that nothing would be said in the papers about the matter. Notoriety is not what I am looking for. I will say, however, that it is true that my wife held one-twentieth of the ticket 90,443, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company at New Orleans on the 12th inst. My wife has invested \$1 in a ticket occasionally in this lottery, and had always drawn blanks. I said to her: 'Mary, are you going to try your luck again this month?'—alluding to the June drawing. She replied that she thought she would, but asked me if it was not too late. I replied that it was not, and she sent \$1. She thought very little about it afterwards, but I took the precaution to look for the announcement of the lucky ticket after the drawing, and I found it was 90,443. When I went home, I asked my wife what her number was, and she said she really did not remember. She had tucked the pasteboard away in her handkerchief box in a bureau-drawer. I went to the drawer, little thinking that she had drawn part of the capital prize, but I had an idea that perhaps she had drawn an approximation prize. As I ran my eye over the ticket, comparing it with the telegraphed lucky number, I was almost paralyzed at finding that they exactly tallied. It is needless for me to add that my wife was crazy with delight. I sent the ticket to New Orleans by Adams Express for collection. Last Friday I received a check for \$15,000 from the National Bank of New Orleans on the Maverick Bank of Boston, and I have cashed it."

"My wife and I had been plodding along, trying to get ahead, saving a little here and a little there, and now we have got quite a start, enough to build a couple of good houses, any way. I shall invest the money carefully, and we naturally feel elated over our good luck, which will probably never come to us again."—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, June 27.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 30 drops of ANGSTUMA BITTERS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Stomach Bitters.

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CHERRY BLOSSOM

PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP

NUN NICER

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

TO THE LADIES.

If you use perfumery at all, it should be nice. To be scented up with poor perfumery is horrid, simply horrid. You are sure of something nice if you obtain EUGENE RIMMEL'S EXTRACTS. His goods are popular all over the world, and particularly with the *élite* of London and Paris. The special odors, Ilang-Ilang, Sweet Violets, White Heliotrope, Henna, Vanda, Chinese Bouquet, are just exquisite. These odors, and all the popular ones of the day of his make, are obtainable at nearly all the leading druggists. Ask for EUGENE RIMMEL'S.

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A beautiful picture story book for children, entitled "HAPPY HOURS IN FAIRY LAND," will be mailed free to any one sending their address. CHARLES E. HIRES, Philadelphia



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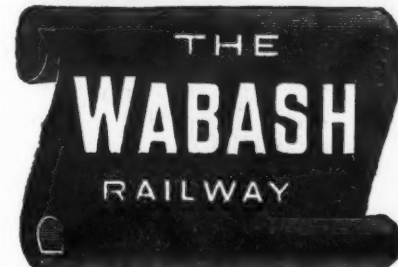
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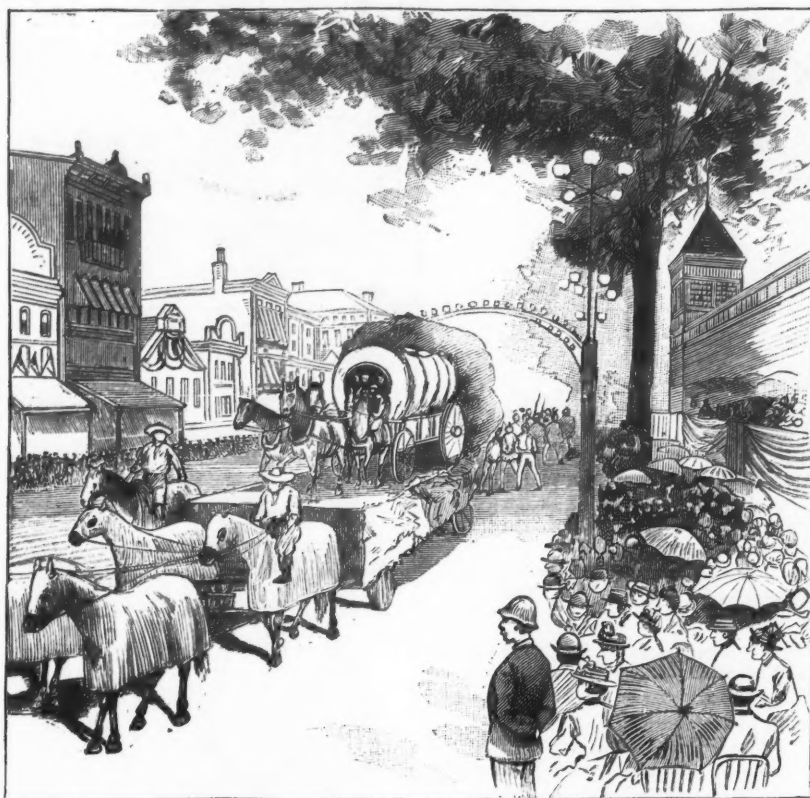


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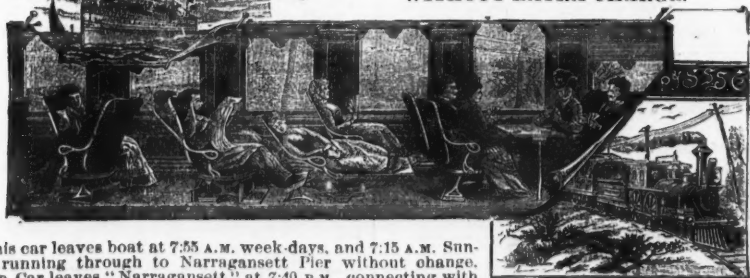
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